

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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MISS C. E. COOPER.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE KINGS AND . . . THE AFRICAN BEASTS.

FIVE Kings, a Queen Empress, an Emperor, and the President of a Republic have signed a concordat in favour of the animals of a fifth part of the globe. The convention of London is in itself a remarkable document. It is couched in the most solemn forms of contract usual between high and mighty potentates. It begins: "In the name of Almighty God," and then cites the full titles of the Kings and Emperors, concluding with that of His Majesty the King of Portugal and the Algarves. The joint and general wish of the high contracting parties is next set forth. They are "desirous of saving from indiscriminate slaughter, and of ensuring the preservation throughout their dominions in Africa of the various forms of animal life which are useful to man or are harmless," and therefore have accepted the invitation of Her Majesty the Queen, in accord with His Majesty the German Emperor, who was, as we hinted

a few weeks ago, a cordial well-wisher to the project, to assemble and confer.

The area dealt with is huge. It covers Africa from the Atlantic on the west to the Indian Ocean and Red Sea on the east, and from the Zambesi to the 20th parallel of north latitude, or as far north as Dongola. The delegates have practically foregone the skin trade in wild hides for their respective countries, thereby removing any commercial jealousy. Quite young elephants may not be killed, or females with young ones. But the immature elephants of larger growth of tusks are insufficiently protected. Five kilogrammes, about 10lb., is the minimum weight allowed to be exported. Perhaps later this may be raised, for it certainly does not give the animals time to breed. But in other respects the agreement, so far as goodwill and earnest endeavour is concerned, leaves little to be desired, while it is expressly said that the convention shall last for fifteen years, and that improvements suggested by experience may be adopted by common accord.

What about the giraffes? will be the first question of the outside public, and what is the list of protected species generally? We hasten to say that so far as conventions can do it the giraffes are saved. Perhaps instead of conventions we should say "convictions," because the form of the article is curious. The high contracting powers declare that the most effective means of preserving, etc., are certain provisions. The first is to prohibit the killing of certain animals absolutely; and the adorable giraffe is the first, absolutely first on the list, as the result, we believe, of the strong feeling of the German and English plenipotentiaries, among whom Sir Clement Hill and Mr. E. Ray Lancaster must be congratulated on their success in securing such good terms for the animal world in general. Next comes by contrast the ugliest beast in the world, our old friend the gorilla. As he was the first beast whose skin was brought home to a natural history museum from Africa, when Hanno took them to Carthage, and no doubt received a vote of thanks from the Zoological Society there, it is only proper that the naturalists, represented by the head of our own National Museum, should say a good word for them now. It was a kindly thought; for public opinion was so excited over the beasts of the open lands of Africa that it had practically forgotten the rare and monstrous apes of the western forests, among which the chimpanzee is also given absolute protection. Another animal, the rarity of which appeals to naturalists, is the dwarf hippopotamus, a beast about the size of a Jersey cow, which is only found in some of the western rivers, and is included in the list of the most highly favoured. So is the mountain zebra, the wild ass, the white-tailed gnu, which we believe does not occur in the area named by the plenipotentiaries, and the eland. This completes the list of creatures on the verge of extinction, or within measurable distance of that fate. But a good deal is to be done for the other animals in which the world is at least as much concerned. What we want to keep in Africa is not a few rare animals, but the splendid fauna whose most striking feature was its immense abundance. We wish to see those moving hordes of beasts feeding on the upland grasses, or galloping over the open plains, the hundreds of zebras, or thousands of wildebeeste or spring bucks. On the non-navigable rivers we should like to keep hippopotamus, and to be able to watch the leviathans taking their evening swim at sunset when the railway has "opened out" a few of the vast river beds of the great continent. It is proposed to save these animals by preventing the killing of the young.

Practically the whole antelope tribe will have this degree of immunity as well as the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, all zebras, and buffaloes. Females of certain races may not be killed if accompanied by their young the list being in many respects the same as that of the kinds of which the young may not be killed. It would have been better to set up as a standard the killing of no females at all. But perhaps this may be achieved later. Meantime the delegates have relied on another expedient. They propose to regulate the number of each species that may be killed. This is the principle in favour in the free forests of the United States. The difficulty of its application in Africa is the impossibility of exercising supervision, though this will be more practicable later. An export duty on the hides and horns of wild animals will be levied, not as a means of revenue but as a check on over-killing, and a means of comparing the numbers destroyed yearly, as was lately suggested in these columns. "Reserves" are to be created. We hope they will be real and effective sanctuaries, not "preserves" for favoured persons. Close seasons are to be established, and licences issued, thus confining sport to the licensees.

All this is excellent, if it can only be carried out. In our own and in the German territory we believe that it will be. Sir Clement Hill is a good sportsman himself and has excellent advice, and on the German territory in East Africa the Kaiser's all-seeing eye will be turned from time to time.

In conclusion, we may say that we are very agreeably surprised by the comprehensive view which the plenipotentiaries have felt themselves able to take of the whole situation. They even legislate for the protection of fish from dynamite and

other illegal engines. They have a tenderness for monkeys, wild swine, the small wild cats, the cheetah, the egrets, bustards, jackals, and marabouts (threatened, like the egrets, for their feathers sake). They even say a word for the large tortoises. We did not know that the large tortoises bred nearer Africa than the Seychelles and other distant islets. But perhaps it is hoped to discover some, and the provision is inserted on the supposed principle of the mandate: "Thou shalt eat no griffins." "If there are griffins," said Voltaire's traveller, "don't eat them. If there are none—why then you can't."



LORD ROSSLYN'S journalistic coup concerning the fall of Pretoria appears in the long run not to have been quite so brilliant a feat as was generally supposed. Rather does it come within the definition of journalism formulated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who had himself been something of a journalist before he was Viceroy of India, as the intelligent anticipation of events before they occur. Lord Rosslyn's telegram was, very kindly, sent round by the *Daily Mail* to all the other papers, and it appeared in most of them, but not in the *Standard*. "The Old Lady," as that paper used to be called in friendly badinage, would have none of it, and everybody laughed at her caution, but as day followed upon day men laughed less and less; not because the end has ever been doubtful, but because the chicken which had been counted was certainly not hatched.

Meanwhile the news that Pretoria had surrendered was certainly believed, and the announcement of the surrender of the "Gold-reef" City was an undoubted fact. Yet it was the subject of some comment in newspapers that the popular rejoicing did not attain to anything like the same pitch of exuberance as it did when Ladysmith first and Mafeking later were relieved. As a matter of fact it would have been surprising, and not altogether agreeable as a subject of contemplation, if the English people had lost their heads over a success which seemed double, although in fact, and for the moment, it was but single. We had all been anxious, and with too good reason, concerning the fate of those who were penned up in Ladysmith and Mafeking. None of us had ever entertained the slightest doubt that Johannesburg and Pretoria would be taken in due course. So, at the former news, pent up feelings broke out in a flood of joy, but the latter piece of intelligence was taken very much as a matter of course.

It will be observed that in the foregoing note the expression "the English people" is used, and it is used deliberately. The fact is, that a very interesting correspondence has arisen between the Poet Laureate and the Reverend David Macrae touching the use by the former of the expression "England" and not "Britain" in his ode upon the relief of Mafeking. The Scottish minister declares, no doubt with accuracy, that it was a condition of the Union that England should remain England and Scotland should remain Scotland. But the Poet Laureate, whose prose is a great deal better than his verse, is polite and unanswerable in his reply. Britain does not include Ireland, and some of Ireland's sons are among the most loyal and heroic subjects of the Queen. It does not include the Colonies. It has practically never been adopted into general use. The Australian, the Canadian, and all the rest of those true brothers of ours, when they are coming to visit the cradle of the race, say, either "I am going home," or "I am going to England," never "I am going to Britain." Neither they, nor the Englishman, nor the Scot on the rare occasions when he remembers to say "Britain" intend to make any distinction. In truth, and by common usage, "Britain" is, as somebody once said most inaccurately of Wales, merely a geographical expression, but "England" is something very much more. It calls to mind a thousand memories, a score of poems of burning patriotism. It was, as

the Laureate reminds Mr. Macrae, "our banner of England" that flew over the topmost roof at Lucknow; it was to England that Mr. Henley indited his splendid poem "What shall I do for thee, England, my England?" But when men write in that strain they are not thinking of boundaries or anything petty of that kind, but of the heart of a great nation.

According to Mr. Harding Davis, a well-known American correspondent—the same man, in fact, who thought of the device of sending a messenger boy round the world by way of raising the journalistic wind—"the old lion," meaning Mr. Kruger, "will die hard." But according to the telegrams appearing in Tuesday's papers, the old rogue, meaning precisely the same person, will die a great deal harder. They were, indeed, although they came from Lorenzo Marquez, the very home of lies, a striking batch of telegrams. They showed the officials of Pretoria wild with fury. They had been paid their salaries in full, but on paper, but the good Mr. Kruger, that example of all the homely virtues, and his executive, had gone off with all the money. It was said that he was gone to the Lydenberg, an inaccessible fastness, but, to perpetrate a small joke, it would not surprise us if the Lydenberg turned out to be the habitation of Brer Rabbit, otherwise known as the lying-low-berg.

Then the foreign mercenaries, who are suffering from a by no means unnatural desire to return to Europe as soon as may be, are full of complaints as to the treatment which they have received. We have no sort of sympathy with them. They have chosen, either for sheer love of fighting, or for filthy lucre, or in many cases because their own countries were too hot to hold them, to intervene in a quarrel which was not their own. They have their reward, or rather they have it not, for they have not been paid. But their complaints are interesting all the same, for they tend to show the Boer in his true light.

Along the line of communication for Lord Roberts's army of occupation there is many a point that forms the nucleus of a little defending force, and at just so many points are located officers of regulars or auxiliaries who are whiling away their time in learning other arts than that of war. A species of guerilla warfare they wage from time to time, descending at nightfall on the homestead of a rebel farmer and taking the chief rebel to justice, or to a semblance of it. But, in addition, they while their leisure away in learning the arts of agriculture as practised in South Africa, and the arts of "inspanning" mules and oxen, of shearing sheep and plucking ostriches. Some of these arts will be of little practical service, perhaps, at home, but we hear of more than one subaltern in independent command along these lines of communication who finds a fascination in the life out there, and is more than willing to remain and become a farmer of the veldt. It is a fascination that we at home perhaps find hard to recognise; but we find no difficulty in seeing the value to the colony of a number of British gentlemen, with military training, settled in the country. They will form the best possible guarantee for the eventual pacification of the distressful land.

The Highland games at Stamford Bridge on Whit Monday, always a picturesque and interesting spectacle, were even more than usually attractive. Perhaps it was the beautiful weather of our long-delayed summer come at last that was the cause, or perhaps people really went to witness quaint sports and an excellent exhibition of Highland dancing, because they knew that the proceeds were going to the war funds, or perhaps the exhibition of Scottish home industries, which brought the Duchess of Sutherland to the ground, was the attraction. It is impossible to say which was the influence, but certain it is that the attendance was better than usual. The piping and dancing were excellent. The caber, being about the size of a telegraph pole, required to be sawn down a little before there could be found men strong enough to toss it—but that, we believe, is customary. The cricket ball was thrown 118 yds., and that, although nothing like a record, is a fine throw.

The Whitsuntide holiday-maker can seldom have found the country more beautiful than it was on Monday, though true it be that the brilliance of spring is already yielding to the sobriety of summer. Great patches of hawthorn still lie about wood and field, but the colour is a dusty white, and every breath of wind brings down a shower of petals. Its successor, the wild rose, is fully out only in the sunniest corners, elsewhere there are only the first tiny buds to show what is coming. On heath and common, however, the yellow broom and gorse are making a brave show. And, further, Whit-Monday happened to be one of the loveliest days of the year, with a brilliant sun, a soft yet refreshing breeze, and the light and shade of foliage at perfection—a red letter day in the calendar.

It was not to be expected that in June, when so many of the home exhibitions are held, the English entries to the agricultural

section (open from the 9th to the 17th of this month), of the great show at Paris would be considerable, especially as all animals sent to France will have to remain there or be slaughtered. There are only eleven head of English cattle, thirty-three of sheep, and three of pigs entered. In poultry there are forty-seven entries. Later in the year, from the 2nd to the 10th of September, a horse show will be held, and for this there are sixty-six English entries of thoroughbreds, Arabs, Hackneys, Cleveland Bays, Yorkshire coach horses, Ponies, Shires, Clydesdales, and Suffolks.

A severe loss has befallen Mr. A. S. Day, the owner of the Berkeley Stud, near Crewe, as he has just lost his pony stallion, Berkeley Model, from inflammation of the right lung, the result of an injury which occurred to him some six weeks ago. Berkeley Model, who was eleven years old when he died, was a very successful show Hackney pony, excelling in make, action, and temper, this combination of merit having secured him the championship at the Agricultural Hall in the years 1894 and 1895. He was also a very successful sire, and the loss to his owner has therefore been lightened by the fact that he possesses amongst other of Berkeley Model's stock two exceptionally smart sons of his in Lord Berkeley and Berkeley Magician, both of which are doubtless destined to keep the memory of the old horse green for many a year to come.

The proposal to start a jam factory at Drogheda brings forward the question—Why has fruit growing been so much neglected in Ireland? The climate and soil are, as a rule, well adapted for fruit culture, but it seems to have died away instead of having progressed. Attached to many of the old mansions and farmhouses all over the country may be seen the remains of what were at one time fine orchards, now, alas! scraggy, moss-grown trees, yielding a dozen or so of little, hard, wooden crabs that a hungry sow would hardly think it worth her while to notice. Yet where these gaunt, lichen-covered trees now stand, cumbering the earth, a thriving colony of young, useful apple trees might be grown to advantage. The Irish Board of Agriculture should take this matter up energetically. The average Irish farmer has no idea of fruit culture as a profitable employment, yet there is a fine field for it in his country. In the ten years from 1888 to 1898 the land under small fruits in England increased from 32,776 acres to 63,438 acres, and the increase in apples, etc., was nearly as great. If it pays the English fruit grower to send his produce 200 miles or 300 miles, surely it ought to pay the Irish farmer to supply his own home markets at Dublin, Belfast, etc. Dublin is now very well supplied with all kinds of fruit, but nearly every pound of it is from across the Channel! The valley of the Boyne—on which river the town of Drogheda is situated—is one of the few places in Ireland where fruit culture is carried on in anything like a systematic way, as some 385 acres in the valley are devoted to fruit growing.

So far as it has gone, the commission for enquiry into the salmon fishery hardly seems to have elicited any very new facts from examination of the officials of various boards. Pollution is bad for the fish, over-netting is bad for the fish, and abstraction of large quantities of water, without adequate compensation, for corporation uses is bad for them. Even where, as in the case of the Birmingham water supply, immense compensation is to be given, it is urged that the compensation, though immense, will be insufficient. Perhaps this is a side of the problem that has been a little overlooked hitherto. All the other considerations were obvious enough, almost *à priori*. We are especially glad to see that the evidence does not insist unduly on the evils of poaching. Evil is done by poaching, beyond all question, but assuredly it is of infinitesimal amount compared with the larger causes. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to see that a decision in the House of Lords—that is to say, a final decision—has pronounced both the "tooth and nail" and the "hang" nets illegal engines for the capture of salmon. That is quite as it should be.

About this time last year there was some little correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the migrations of birds, such as the cuckoo, and it was then pointed out that the bird probably arrived more early than the date usually recorded, but remained unobserved, owing to its habit of beginning its monotonous song only with the first warm days of its visit. There was a cold spell in that spring, and it was then noticed that the cuckoo in a measure ceased its notes during that cold interval. The same thing has been very noticeable this spring again, and this time not in the case of the cuckoo alone, but even more remarkably with the nightingale. On some warm days in the middle of May the nightingales were singing vociferously in the copses of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent. The cold weather that came on and remained with us through the month had the effect of silencing them almost absolutely, and in reducing very considerably the "vain repetitions" of the cuckoo.

Among the curiosities of ornithology we may, perhaps, reckon the extraordinary increase in the last two or three years of the number of turtle doves in different parts of the country. A few years ago the sight of one was quite unusual, where now they are in numbers. They are attractive, pretty birds, but, like most of their kind, not good friends to the farmer. Recently, too, the common wood pigeon has taken to visiting us from the Continent, and supplementing, certainly in greater numbers than he was wont to, the fully sufficient supply of our native birds of his species.

We have before us an order for the protection of wild birds in East Sussex, which enumerates no less than thirty-one kinds protected during the whole year. It is an order that has our entire sympathy, albeit we fear that some of the protected ones will never visit the country again to get the benefit of the order. Amongst the more common kinds thus protected is the wheatear, which used to be caught in much numbers on the Downs, and sold as the "English ortolan."

From childhood we have been accustomed to give to the lark all the credit of early rising, but there must be a mistake somewhere, for *Alauda arvensis* is not "in it" with some of the other birds. Perhaps, though, things are different in Ireland. One morning lately, in a well-known Dublin square, the thrushes were in full blast at 3 a.m., and in the beautiful mild morning, with the rose tints just showing in the East, there was something very delightful in listening to the rich wild melody of these birds, each apparently striving to out-do the other. The rook, too, is a very early riser, as he often anticipates the sun, and may be seen winging his way off in the grey dawn. The swift is early awing, as are also all the swallow family, and the dissipated sea-gull must often spend his nights out, for at the break of day they may be seen flying seaward.

Photographic Competition.

ON account of the great success that attended our recent Photographic Competition, and the interest it created amongst a large number of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, many of whom sent photographs of high artistic merit, it has been decided, in order to further encourage the art, which is so eminently suited to lovers of country life, to begin another competition for

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPRING SUBJECTS.

The beautiful effects to be obtained in the garden at this season of the year are varied, and although the following short list by no means covers the whole ground, it will suggest the class of subject that may be worthy of the attention of intending competitors:

Spring Flowers.—Particularly the artistic effects obtained by growing Narcissi, Scillas, Tulips, and other flowers in meadow grass, or beneath trees, by man and by Nature.

Spring Flowers on the Rock Garden.—To show effects not merely of many kinds, but of individual flowers in pretty aspects.

Spring Flowers in the Border, or massed upon the lawn or in beds.

Spring Flowers in the Shrubbery.

For the best set of not less than twelve photographs a prize of

FIVE POUNDS

will be awarded.

The photographs should be silver prints—preferably on printing-out paper—not smaller than half-plate size, and should be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel bearing the words "Photographic Competition" on the outside. For the purpose of identification each individual photograph must be clearly marked with the name and address of the competitor, but no responsibility for the safe keeping of the competing photographs can be accepted, although every care will be taken to return safely any unsuccessful photographs if stamps for this purpose are enclosed.

It is understood that all reproduction rights of the successful photographs will pass to the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE, and, if required, the negatives of these pictures will be given up to them. The Proprietors also reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the unsuccessful photographs upon payment of from 5s. to 10s. 6d. for each picture published, according to their idea of merit.

The Competition will close on June 21st, and the decision of the Editor, which will be final and without appeal, will be announced as early as possible after this date.

EPSOM AND THE PRINCE'S DERBY.

It was a great Derby, though not so great as that when Persimmon won. Diamond Jubilee is not accounted by his trainer the equal of his more famous brother, and yet I make no doubt that he is a good deal above the average run of Derby winners. Moreover, he has gained confidence, thanks to careful and judicious treatment, so that now he really runs an honest race, though it may still be doubtful whether he would do so with anybody but H. Jones on his back, or whether, even so, he would do it if Jones were not gifted with such admirable patience and self-control. Jones is comparatively unknown to fame, but in the Newmarket Stakes and in the Derby he handled Diamond Jubilee in a way that could not possibly be surpassed. Forfarshire was the disappointment of the race, especially to Mr. Dewar and the friends whom he had brought down on several coaches to see his horse run. The son of Royal Hampton was as well as hands could make him, but he proved in running that he is probably a brilliant miler, and no more. The American-bred Disguise II. made a bold bid



W. A. Rouch.

R. MARSH SADDLES THE FAVORITE.

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not have quite suited his jockey on this course, but certainly he pursued his way in erratic fashion, and when on turning into the straight he shot to the front with an electric dash of speed, and crossing the others took the inside berth on the rails, there was a gasp of amazement from the stands—for how could this have been done without interfering with some of the runners? In point of fact, it is said that he did interfere with some, but anyhow there he was, and for a while looked like winning. Diamond Jubilee, however, was in thoroughly good humour and got the better of the American colt a furlong from home, or perhaps less. He had then to stall off the late challenge of Simon Dale, but that did not trouble him—Disguise II. had been the only real danger, and this same Disguise II. is very likely to win the Grand Prix for Mr. James R. Keene, as Foxhall did for the same good sportsman.



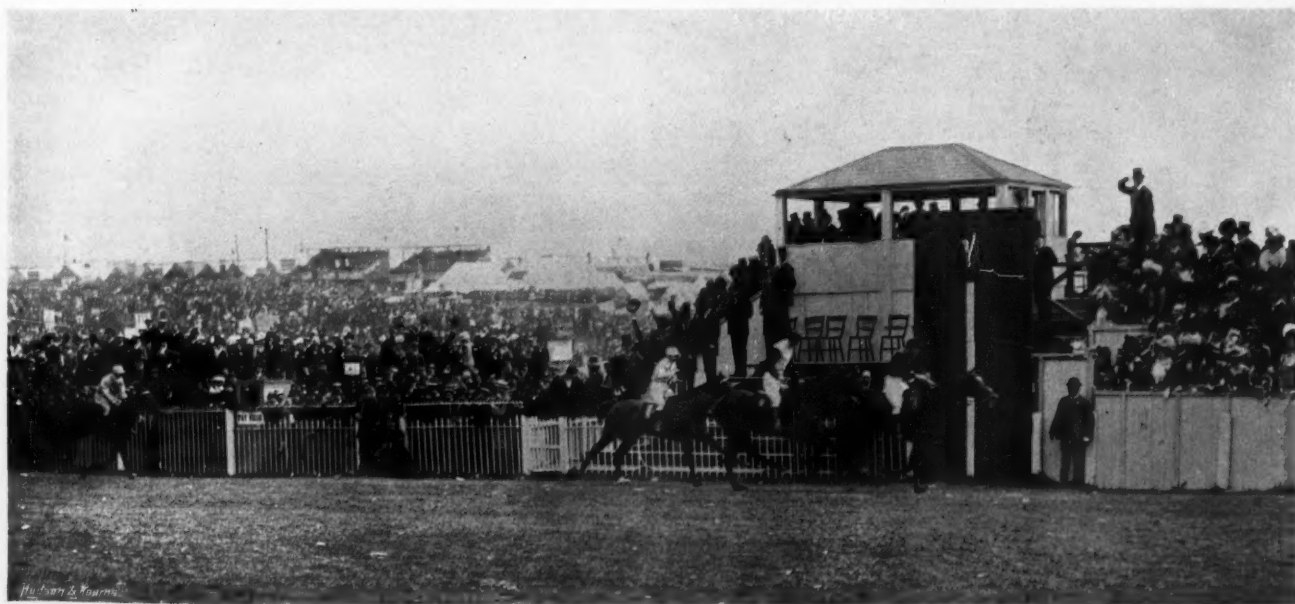
W. A. Rouch.

FRONTIGNAN SHOWS DIAMOND JUBILEE THE WAY.

Copyright

for victory, and Sloan, who rode him, did not figure to such advantage as usual. The colt is a big lurching goer, and may

It is very satisfactory to find that Mr. Keene, who invested a lot of money in English brood mares some few years ago,



W. A. Rouch.

THE FINISH OF THE DERBY.

Copyright

should have bred from one of them such a good colt as Disguise II. This is by far the best American-bred horse that has been sent over since the days of Iroquois and Foxhall, and he serves as a proof that go where you may throughout the world the best blood stock is bred from imported mares or by imported stallions. In this country and Ireland we have the parent race, and nowhere can the breed be maintained up to the proper level without constant drafts from here. Mr. James R. Keene says that Disguise II. looks more like an English horse than an American. Well, he has gone nearer to winning the Derby than a more typical American would have done, and we do not for one moment believe we have seen the best of him as yet. He is a lathy sort of colt, but with rare scope and range. His limbs are of the very best, and though some may call him leggy, and some long in the back, we shall be content to wait and see him win big races.

The big two year old Toddington won at Epsom, and easily, too, though not quite like a smasher. The Polly Eccles colt will beat him if ever they meet at even weights over six furlongs or upwards. It was a pity to train such a colt as Toddington so early, as he is a bit straight on his fore joints, and unless a colt of such immense size and weight is given time to mature and harden his legs will not suffice for him, big-boned as they are. The Bonnie Morn colt was probably the next best colt that ran at Epsom, but he, by some strange chance got "unsighted" at the start of his race on Thursday last week, bolted across the course, and so hopelessly lost ground that he had no earthly chance. This was the fortune of war, and in no sense the fault of the starting-gate, which is now almost unanimously approved by all whose opinions are of any value.

Sandringham, the four year old brother to Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, has been sold to go to America. Our friends over there were pretty alert, for the cable to purchase Sandringham arrived the morning after the Derby. Sandringham is possibly the finest horse of all the illustrious family, but he got jarred on the hard ground, and it was found impossible to train him. So he alone has not been able to make his name on a race-course, but there is no reason why he should not prove as good a stud horse as any of

his three brothers. Very great expectations were formed of Sandringham, as we well know. It was always uncertain whether such a heavy horse could be trained, but that Marsh expected great things of him—or should we say hoped for great things?—is beyond question. It is the first time, if our memory serves, that a member of the Royal family has sold a horse to go to America, and the fact that Sandringham was bought from the



W. A. Rouch.

THE PRINCE LEADS IN THE WINNER.

Copyright

Prince of Wales just now by an American has a pleasant significance which our enemies cannot explain away.

One's Morning Bike.

"COMING down the lane a blackbird was sitting on the fence," once wrote an enthusiastic naturalist, with more enthusiasm than grammar. But this morning as I come down the lane there are several blackbirds sitting on the fence; "the chaffinch sings in the orchard bough," and the "usual sparrows bicker and row," scarcely deigning to get out of the way of my "bike." The English sparrow seems to have said to himself when bicycles were first invented, "What's the use of troubling myself to get out of the way of this fellow? He can't get off to shy stones and things at me." Consequently, the

attitude of the English sparrow towards the amateur bicyclist is distinctly derisive. He puts his tongue in his cheek as the amateur goes by and does not care a straw for him.

The morning is pleasantly keen, every little cottage garden gay with wallflowers and flowering currant, whilst here and there the window boxes are filled with gaudy tulips, crimson and gold, purest vermillion, and others shaped like parrots' tongues. Some of these little old-fashioned gardens the owners have bordered with box; others prefer oyster shells; and a few have utilised the necks of ginger-beer bottles. Later on our vicar will come round with a note-book and pencil, and calculate the number of bottle-necks to the square inch and report to the prize committee accordingly. It is a nice little sum in mental arithmetic. There are, say, 2,000 ginger-beer bottle-necks in Giles's garden. It takes so many minutes to "lay a yard" of ginger-beer bottle pattern; therefore, for a certain time it



W. A. Rouch.

THE COACHES ON THE HILL.

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is a moral impossibility that Giles can have been soaking away his time in the public-house at the corner.

There are not many people about at this early hour. Lockwood, the rheumatic old poacher, however, leans over his garden gate on the look out for any chance offerings of baccy. The man has been the hero of many a desperate fray with keepers, and the pride of his garrulous old age is to tell you how he once invented a diabolical sort of lamp, with a series of funnels which fitted into each other like fishing rods. The bottom of this machine was filled with burning sulphur, the fumes of which ran up the hollow piping, and reached the pheasants as they roosted in the fir trees. Consequently, pheasants became so scarce in Lockwood's neighbourhood that a rigid watch was set on his movements, his cherished machine smashed up, and he himself sent to enjoy Her Majesty's hospitality for a rather lengthy period at Hertford Gaol. "It were werry uncomferable, it were," he says solemnly. "No goin' out o' nights, no nothing, but bein' ordered here and ordered there till your blood biled." But now he is too old for his blood to "bile," and he touches his battered moleskin cap with fervent gratitude as I toss him a packet of tobacco and trundle along towards the New River.

At the corner beyond Lockwood's cottage is a little piece of waste land which from time immemorial has been used for a camping-ground by "the Egyptians," as Borrow and Barrie would call them. The Egyptians are already astir, the men in frowsy corduroys and fustian jackets, the women in nondescript rags, with gaudy handkerchiefs wound in and out their raven hair. The children are miniature editions of their parents, but wear less—considerably less. Beside the small fire, over which hangs a big kettle, stands a meditative donkey thinking out life's problems with all the fervour of a John Stuart Mill. A yellow lurcher has already solved one of life's problems, as he comes sneaking through a hole in the hedge with a rabbit in his mouth—a rabbit which will be thrust into the pot with marvellous celerity. Alas! the Egyptians are becoming fewer and fewer. Few of them can speak Romany, or "drowse" the farmer's pig and buy the body cheaply afterwards. Soon the children will be captured and sent to school, and the race die out or emigrate. The villas of what an American friend of mine calls "the souburbs" leave them no room, and the hen-roosts of the righteous are too strictly watched. Well, it is for the good of the greater number; but who that has wandered with George Borrow to meet Jasper Petulengro and his friends can fail to lament the gradual decay of these olive-skinned Ismaelites and horse-copers?

The bicycle soon skims by these flashing-eyed wanderers and glides along the main road until we come to a group of labourers who have been toying



Rouch. DIAMOND JUBILEE AT SANDRINGHAM AS A YEARLING. Copyright

bicycle waits for no man, and it is impossible to hear how Mr. William Somers extricated himself from his unenviable position. It rather reminded me of a middy I once met in a train. "How did you like Sydney?" I asked. "Well, you see, I didn't go on shore," he said, shamefacedly. "The mate said he'd down me with a handspike, so I threw him over, and the sharks in Sydney Harbour— But here's my station." And I don't know to this day whether the sharks ate the mate, and if so why the middy wasn't tried for murder, or how the affair really terminated.

But it is time to "fetch a compass" and regain my flower-surrounded dwelling. Verily, the morning bike is a boon and a blessing to men. Work becomes mere child's play after one has filled one's lungs with pure air and feasted one's eyes on the country lanes.

The N.R.A. and Rifle Clubs.

IN most things there is a middle course, and somewhere between the appreciation of Lord Salisbury and the depreciation of the War Office, there should exist safe harbourage for a scheme to popularise rifle shooting in this country. For some months past the National Rifle Association and the War Office officials have deliberated the question, and have apparently arrived at the conclusion that no fresh facilities can be provided anywhere, but that something may be done, involving no expenditure to the State, for clubs which possess ranges safe to use with the service rifle.

The memorandum issued by the National Rifle Association on May 16th last details the conditions upon which clubs may be affiliated to the National Rifle Association. A club to be

eligible must consist of at least twenty members, must have its shooting regulations approved by the association, must have its shooting-range approved by proper military authority, must supply annually a roll of its members, and must pay a registration fee of £1. For advantage it secures the right to buy, and pay for "at vocabulary rates," one rifle to every ten members and 100 rounds of ammunition per annum for each man. The rifles and cartridges thus obtained become the property of the purchasing club, but they are only to be used on the range, and



W. A. Rouch

DIAMOND JUBILEE AFTER THE RACE,

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stored in a place provided by the club for the purpose. On no account are they to remain in the possession of individual members. With much magnanimity the Secretary of State for War has consented to recommend that exemption from gun licence may be allowed in respect of each rifle "belonging to an affiliated club which is the property of the club and used only at the rifle ranges."

It would thus appear that a club possessing a full-sized rifle range and a minimum of twenty members will, on affiliation, be enabled to secure a totally inadequate supply of service arms and ammunition, on terms so little above cost price that the Government will make no actual profit on the transaction. It is not clearly set out that the range must be full-sized, but a "proper military authority" could not, properly, approve many short ranges for use with the service '303, with due regard for the safety of the public. Probably not ten out of the 130 clubs formed during the past few months possess such a range, and for them to acquire service arms and ammunition under the stated conditions would be of very doubtful advantage. In many districts it has been found possible to arrange for the occasional use of a military range by club members, but the possibility of utilising the weapons for such practice has been most carefully guarded against. As regarding the exemption from gun licence, the concession in principle is a valuable one, but for all practical purposes the conditions attached nullify it. In only allowing an issue of one rifle to ten men, in providing that the arms shall never be removed from club grounds, and in only granting "exemption" to arms which are absolutely the property of clubs and not of individuals, the War Office has no doubt some definite purpose in view. Apparently the intention is to safeguard the public. From that point of view the policy of withholding service arms and retaining the penalty at present imposed on the use of weapons privately purchased is excellent. By placing rifle practice out of the reach of the commonalty immunity from accidents is best assured, but the treatment seems very drastic. Not every specialist recommends amputation of the head as a preventative of a possible toothache!

Now at most of the existing civilian rifle clubs practice is carried on under the best conditions that existing facilities will permit. In some places nothing better than a Morris tube gallery has yet been obtained, elsewhere ranges of 300yds. have been constructed, and in isolated instances the use of full-sized ranges have been granted. Every club has for its avowed object to familiarise its members with the use of the service rifle, but that is the end of their endeavours, and first of all they seek to popularise rifle shooting as a pastime. The National Rifle Association conditions of affiliation appear to recognise the end in view, whilst absolutely ignoring the means by which alone it can be attained. At the present moment it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of men possess perfectly suitable rifles for practice up to about 300yds.; they belong to clubs, have established ranges, and look forward to opportunities of ultimately becoming expert marksmen with the service rifle, when safe grounds for shooting can be obtained. There may be room for two opinions as to the value of preliminary short-range practice, but that it is entirely useless no one will be prepared to say. Yet at the present moment every one of these individually-owned rifles renders its user liable to payment of the gun licence, and the teaching of rifle shooting is being in this way directly taxed for the benefit of the national revenue. To secure the promised exemption all arms must be the property of a club, and must never be removed from its grounds, for fear apparently that the members, if personally entrusted with firearms, might not exercise sufficient care to prevent accidents. "You will tell me," said Lord Salisbury recently, "that there is a difficulty because nursery-maids passing by may get hit by a bullet. You may mention these difficulties but they can be removed." In a country where every volunteer may have charge personally of a rifle, and where firearms are freely sold to children of tender years, such excessive precautions savour of the absurd.

Whatever the State may or may not be prepared to do in support of rifle clubs, this at least is essential: that target practice should not be classed with game shooting for the purpose of raising revenue. To exempt collectively-owned arms from payment of gun licence is not only useless, it is illogical. There is not and never has been a tax on guns, but on the men who "carry and use" them, and therefore rifles required no exemption. All members of officially-recognised rifle clubs ought, in virtue of their membership to be exempted from payment of licence in respect of arms used for target practice. This would entail not one penny of loss on the Excise, for if the rifles were used for rook or rabbit shooting the user would be liable to its ordinary tax, and indeed there is little likelihood of attempts at evasion. For the purpose of safeguarding the public stringent conditions should attach to "recognition"—an amended "affiliation" code being produced, with the National Rifle Association as its central authority. In principle the main features of this scheme are already adopted, but in so emasculated a form as to rob it of practical utility. It is not enough to concede to club members the privilege of purchasing, but not possessing, one-tenth part of a

service rifle each, along with a supply of ammunition suitable only for use on ranges rarely obtainable. They are, no doubt, desirable enough in their way, but they do very little to meet the special needs of the civilian clubs now so rapidly springing into existence.

EUSTACE STONE.

Military Mules.

THE South African War may almost be regarded as the apotheosis of the mule, as probably at no period of English history have these useful hybrids attracted so much public attention or have their merits been so thoroughly recognised. At the recent Crystal Palace Horse Show it is true that the two classes provided for mules did not fill so well as might have been expected, but the huge power of Sir Walter Gilbey's gigantic brown, and the trotting abilities of the lighter-built spotted mule, were fully recognised by the public, and no doubt these animals will assist in adding to the popularity of their kind. Meanwhile Southern Europe and America, North and South, are being scoured for mules by British agents, who are buying animals by the thousand, but it must be admitted that as the demand very much exceeds the supply, the quality of the animals which form the various consignments differs very materially.

The accompanying illustration will, therefore, convey to the minds of those who study it an admirable idea of the respective merits of the American and South African mules, of which so much has been heard since the war in South Africa first commenced. Consequently, as the counterfeit presentments of the two animals can be with every propriety taken as speaking for themselves, there is nothing more to be written upon the subject of the respective characteristics of the varieties; but it is much to be desired that those interested in horseflesh in England could



Underwood and Underwood.

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AMERICAN AND AFRICAN MULES.

be prevailed upon to pay a little more attention to the breeding of a most interesting and useful hybrid, the services of which are invaluable to any Army corps acting on hilly or difficult ground. As a recent writer most aptly expresses it, mule breeding has long passed the experimental stage in the United States of America, a country in which many thousands of English sovereigns have recently been expended in the purchase of mules, all of which pounds sterling might have been retained by our breeders had they only been able to supply the demand. Why mule raising has not become more general in Great Britain it is hard to say. In the first place, mules are easier to bring up than horses are; and, secondly, they are admirable draught animals. They break easily, possess excellent constitutions, work admirably, and last a long time. Nothing in the way of sires can equal a full-sized Spanish ass for mule breeding, and these produce the best results from breedy mares of 15h. 2in. in height and over, the offspring of an underbred mare by an ordinary donkey sire being almost invariably common all over, and worth very little money by comparison with the others. The stallion ass need not necessarily be a very tall one, many 14h. 2in. sires, if well bred and suited for stud purposes, producing mules as big and as valuable for heavy draught as those coming from 15h. 2in. or even 16h. jacks, many of which prove failures at the stud. In selecting an ass for breeding mules, preference should be given to the dark coloured animals, else skewbald and spotted stock is likely to be produced, and a parti-coloured mule is not an attractive object; whilst it may be remembered that many stallion asses possess an antipathy to mares, which renders them absolutely useless for the purpose of mule breeding.

IN THE REGIONS OF AIR.

THE photographs by Mr.

Reid shown in the present number are intended as something in the nature of a sequel to the different examples of the flight of game birds and wildfowl published during the last winter in these pages. The flights of wild duck and coveys of driven partridges rushing at top speed over the guns were, we venture to think, very full of suggestion as to the actual movement of birds' wings in flight. But there are many kinds and ways of flights, just as a man or a horse has many and various movements when going at different speeds. The hurrying flight of the driven partridges is mainly of two kinds, performed either by very rapid and uniform beats of the wing straight up and down or by "skimming," when the bird, having acquired a strong impetus forward, sails quite



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PIGEONS: UPWARD FLIGHT.

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horizontally, with only an occasional beat of the wing. This is usually the preliminary to the end of the flight, when the bird throws up its head, drops its feet, beats forward its wings instead of downward, and suddenly "puts on the drag" to stop. Skimmers are, however, not always either going slow or intending to stop, because the speed of the wind is so great compared with the speed of unaided flight that if it is astern of them, partridges or grouse will "skim" before it at forty-five miles an hour.

Both these forms of game birds' flight, viz., the skimming

and the hurrying travel by aid of the beating wing, which the French call the *vol ramé* ("rowing flight"), a rather neat name for the action, are very simple motions. In the first, supposing the bird to be a partridge, the wings are usually horizontal to



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"ROWING" FLIGHT.

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ROOKS ON PASSAGE.

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the axis of its body. That makes a crossing "skimmer" so difficult to hit, because he presents only the point of his wing to the shot.

But there are far more beautiful, more complicated, and more refined modes of flight practised by other birds, the birds of which Homer says, "Hither and thither they fly, in the strength of their wings rejoicing." The game birds are really ground birds, only using their wings for locomotion. To understand the intense physical pleasure which the power of flight gives to what are more truly called the birds of the air, we should watch those birds which can *soar*, for it is the soaring birds which of all others are seen "rejoicing in their wings." In this detachment in space, in this effortless power of movement, they must indeed reach to and attain something of the pleasures of just souls made perfect. As when the ark floated on the waters the captain of the remnant of earth's creatures sent out first the raven and then the dove, we may take these two birds as presenting the common types of the true birds of the air; and here we show them, by the aid of the sun pictures, floating in the regions of space. Our ravens are rooks, but that is only a matter of relative size. The doves, or pigeons, show three stages of flight. The first and most difficult effort of the bird is that of rising from earth to air. If "earth" is represented by a roof or a chimney-stack, there is very little difficulty in getting launched in the air, because the bird just throws itself off, like a boat launched on a river. But if it wishes to rise it has to use very strong muscular effort, and this is shown and heard whenever

pigeons, or partridges, or pheasants, or woodcocks rise suddenly from the ground. The wings are first beaten downwards, while the bird takes a violent spring with its legs. I have seen the one and felt the other. After a deep snow I spent some days noting the wing marks in the snow. Wherever a rook, or a pigeon, or a partridge had risen from the ground the first violent down stroke of the wing was plainly marked. The violence of the "spring off" with legs is very great. Last winter I caught a red-legged partridge which had run into some rabbit netting. It was unhurt, and

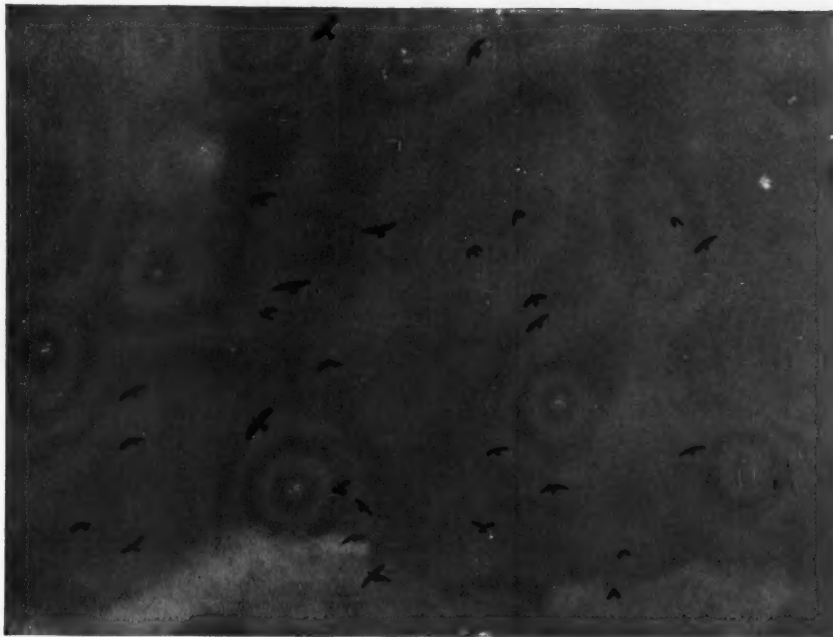
was kept for some days in the house. When carried about it would squat in the hand, until it thought a chance of flying off was offered; then it gave such a violent spring with both feet that it often succeeded in forcing the containing bands open and getting free. When it was at last really let go it sprang into the air from the hand like a skipjack. "Jump before you fly" should be the motto of old birds when they are teaching the young idea how to use their wings. When the start has been made with the down stroke of the wing and the upward jump of the feet, the first dozen or



C. Reid. "THE ROOKS ARE BLOWN ACROSS THE SKY."—TENNYSON. Copyright

more beats of the wings are peculiar. The wings are raised so far that the feathers strike back to back, just as some young people can swing their arms backward so that the knuckles knock together. It is this which causes the clapping sound when pigeons, partridges, and many other birds rise from the ground. Pigeons do not make this noise if they merely launch out from a ledge or pinnacle, unless they are rising. The down stroke of the wing is equally thorough, for the points almost meet below the body. This would be impossible if the wing were rigid. But

it is not. The third joint can be used like a wrist, and bent downwards. Both this movement and the "throw back" of the wings are beautifully shown in the picture of UPWARD FLIGHT in this article. No. 2, ROWING FLIGHT, shows the ordinary up and down beats of the wing of pigeons travelling or taking the regular evening fly round their home. The upstroke, down stroke, and medium position are all shown. In a most striking picture of a flight of wild duck passing over-head, shown recently in COUNTRY LIFE, all the birds were making exactly the same stroke with the wing. This was explained by Captain Radclyffe in a subsequent letter. The birds had just been scared by a falcon which he flew at them, and probably the whole body of birds had made a sudden stroke and swerve as they saw the hawk. Yet how they could all "get into step" simultaneously is rather difficult to conjecture. No. 3 shows a flock of ROOKS ON PASSAGE. Most of these again are engaged in the regulation "rowing" flight, though some are gliding through the air between the strokes. In No. 4 most of the birds are engaged in SOARING, another and delightful exercise of flight. They are not soaring at a great altitude, though on fine days rooks can do this almost as well as a vulture, but there is probably an upward or forward current of air, and on this they swing with wings horizontally stretched. The art of soaring is not understood by all birds, but is now, after many years of enquiry, accounted for and explained. Except when there is an upward current of air the soaring is not done "on the same plane," *i.e.*, birds cannot soar "flat," though as we look up at them they seem



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ROOKS "SOARING."

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to do so. They soar in gradual spirals, dropping "with a screw" downwards, and gliding up again by the impetus of the fall. The whole business is properly explained for those who like a sum in hydrodynamics in M. Marey's "Vol des Oiseaux."
C. J. CORNISH.

SPRING FISHING.

"OH, aye! there'll be fush in the river. There'll be mair fush in the river have run up this spring than ever has run up for awhile back." So that was good hearing, the opinion of Donald, keeper and oracle of the river, on the spring run of salmon for 1900. "There's mair fush in the river. Aye, but it's gey and cold that it'll be, the fishing."



THE WOODEN LUNCHEON HUT.

That was just it. That was just the best and the worst of it at the same time. It was the snow of the cold winter that had given the waters of the Aberdeenshire Dee so high a spate that the fish could come up more comfortably than they had been able to come for several past springs, and at the same time it was this snow, still holding obstinately on the ground, that made it quite cold enough in the water for even Donald to think it cold; and in the ordinary way, as regarded temperature, especially the temperature of his own dearly beloved Dee in which he had been almost born, he was rather like a Polar bear.

But the cold of this winter had been something quite out of the ordinary way. It was not so much that the mercury went down very low, as that being low, and something like eight inches of snow on the ground, the mercury stayed low and the snow stayed too, never having a chance to melt. The consequence was that the wretched deer had come down off the hill and were always marauding the farms on the edge of the moor, to the indignation of the farmers and the incitement to poaching, and that the grouse, too, had been coming down, actually into the very yards of the farms, to find a bit of bare ground that was not snow-covered. But all this that had bothered the poor things of

the hill not a little had just suited the salmon, who had found a fine flow of water coming down into the estuaries, when they had come in there after the herring shoals.

Now in the mind of the ordinary man and salmon fisher who reads this last remark it will raise a protest, or a tacit discussion, at once. Is it to be taken for granted that it is after the herring shoals that the salmon come in towards the shore? Well, it was just this that was the gist of the discussions, interminably long, wherewith Donald and I tried to keep ourselves warm in the course of that spring fishing, over our luncheons in THE WOODEN LUNCHEON HUT, in THE FISHING CART as we started out for our several miles jolt over the snowy roads on the way to the fishing. That was really the worst part of the whole—the ride out, before one's blood was in any movement, too early in the morning even for a glass of whisky to set it going. That and the turning out of the hut after luncheon were the worst moments. For the rest, FISHING FROM THE BANK, even though one's feet were in the snow the while, was a pleasant holiday by comparison. One could keep oneself fairly warm, or comparatively warm, by exercise with the great 18ft. rod, and when one stepped off the bank, and went wading in the river, with all its snow water (just cleared of the "broth") chilling it, it was doubtful even then whether ashore in the snow, or in the river, and in the water, were the warmer job. It was much of a muchness. But both were a deal better than the cart or the luncheon hut. Even the very aspect of a promising pool served to warm one, by anticipation of the fun that was to come. In the meantime the discussion about the ways



THE FISHING CART.

of salmon was the only method of heating the atmosphere at all.

The ways are dark enough, and there are some on which in all likelihood light never will be cast, but in this matter of the coming of the salmon to the coasts there does seem to be a reason and a method. At least, it is significant that herring should come to the coasts in spring and autumn, and that these should be the times—the principal times—for the salmon running up the rivers. Moreover, if you catch a salmon in the estuary, you will sometimes find him full of herring—chiefly herring. Other fishy things there will be in him, no doubt; for he is not so very particular, but most of his food will be seen to be herring, so, taking these facts together, Donald and I, as we blew on our fingers to keep the cold off, settled, mightily to our own satisfaction, that the salmon at spring and autumn came in to the coasts after the herring shoals, and then when they found a nice stream of fresh water coming down into the salt up they went and to work on their nursery business. So far so good, but then Donald observed that it was a queer thing how fish returned again and again to the same river, as had been proved by the marking of smolt and grilse. That objection, however, seemed to be met by the supposition that the salmon might not, once having reached salt water, ever wander far from the mouth of its native stream. Why, after all, should it go far? Salt water and food were presumably what it came from the fresh water to find. These it would have in plenty as soon as it escaped from the area of water that the outflow of the river made brackish. What need to wander far?

Thus we mapped out for ourselves, in merest outline, it is true, the salmon's way of life, and, thus satisfied with our conclusions in theory, started forth on the chilly job of attempting the practical catching of the salmon. Donald had spoken no more than truth when he said that it was to be "gey cold."



GILLIES.



FISHING FROM THE BANK.

"Gey cold" it was. Not only was it icy in the water, so that waders on coming out of it froze as stiff as boards, but for your hands the chill of the air was aggravated, time and again, by the necessity of handling the line, itself only escaping freezing by its perpetual movement, or the rings, through which it declined to run freely, because they were blockaded by a coating of ice, and even the fly itself when it came out of the water was quickly frozen stiff. The tying of the cast and the attachment of the fly were no light labour with stiffened fingers in the cruelly nipping air. But we were rewarded. After all, what do an angler's sufferings of cold and discomfort amount to if he achieves the prime object of all fishing—fish? They do not weigh in the balance one penny-weight. It is only when all goes unrewarded that the discomforts assume any dimensions. And fish we had. In the first place we had, of course, the usual complement of kelts that go to swell the bag, with much exasperation, in this spring fishing. For my own part, I confess that I rather like the kelt. It is exasperating and disappointing, no doubt, to find time and again that what your hope tells you is a bright silvery fish is only a lean red pike of a thing, but after all they keep you going, keep the excitement up. You never know that the next to take your fly may not be a fresh run fish. And a fresh run fish or two we had. Out of that promising pool aforesaid, Shenvalls by name, we had a couple, on another day three in the other pool that the pictures show, and on one day only did we have a blank. That, in salmon fishing, is much to say. We had no incidents of tremendous note, further than that every catch of a salmon is a tremendous event to the rightly constituted angler, and we were very rightly constituted. In the big water we were able to use strong tackle, and since we caught no fish of abnormal size we were able to deal with them strenuously, giving them the butt valorously, and bringing them after a brief struggle to the gaff. For a spring fishing we fished with remarkably little misadventure, but it truly was, as Donald said, "gey cold."

SOME INTERESTING DOGS.

UNTIL the appearance last summer of Miss Beverley's Keeshond caused them to alter their opinions, the vast majority of British dog lovers had almost made up their minds that every existent variety of the canine race was represented in this country. The fallacy of this opinion was, however, demonstrated when the subject of the accompanying illustration burst upon the astonished visitors to the Medical Dog Show, and many were the conjectures that were hazarded as to the nationality of the interesting animal. That the Keeshond is a member of the Spitz family—a variety which by the way is as ubiquitous upon the continent as the terrier is here—was evident from the shape of Miss Beverley's pet; and it may be added that the description Keeshond suggested at once that enquiries in Holland might assist in providing a solution of the mystery. Enquiries amongst Dutch dog lovers, moreover, confirmed the latter view, as it was found that specimens closely resembling the illustrious stranger, which had so puzzled experts here, were to be met with on all sides; whilst evidence was also forthcoming to show that animals of a similar shape and colour are known in Germany under the name of Wolf Spitz, owing to the wolf-like hue of their coats. As the analogy which exists between the Spitz and the Pomeranian is exactly similar to the differences which distinguish Tweedledum from Tweedledee, so far as the ideas of most members of the public extend, it may therefore perhaps be accepted that the Keeshond is a wolf-coloured member of the Pomeranian family, and it may be remembered that an illustration of a Pomeranian of this colour, bred by Mr. Walter Winans, of Surrenden Park, recently appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable circumstance in connection with the appearance of Miss Beverley's dog is that the canine experts of this country

—some of whom now appear disposed to accept the Keeshond as the national dog of Holland, so common is he in that country—should for so long a time have been ignorant of the existence of any such animal.



T. Fall, MISS BEVERLEY'S KEESHOND. Baker Street.

From Keeshonds to Pomeranians is but a very narrow stride, and, consequently, no apology is necessary for the appearance of the illustration delineating a most charming group of five of these most interesting and fashionable little dogs. It is not so long ago that no colours save pure white and pure black were tolerated by judges in this country, and it may be added that the former, which were for the most part much larger and heavier than the majority of the modern Pomeranians are, were numerically far stronger than the blacks. Now all is changed, for Pomeranians of colours are to be met with, and the toy variety is a great deal the most popular of all. The subjects of the illustration, for instance, although of one litter, consist of a white, a chocolate, and three lemon and white puppies; whilst it may be added that Her Majesty the Queen possesses a large number of golden fawn-coloured dogs, strongly resembling the Pomeranian, amongst which they are classed, though the Royal favourites, which some say come from an Italian source, scarcely possess the same texture of coat as the ordinary continental Spitz. In Germany, too, there is the so-called Seiden Spitz, a white coloured silky haired variety, which many experts will not accept as a pure breed, as they contend that it originated from a cross between the Spitz proper and the Maltese dog.

The name of Mrs. C. F. C. Clarke is so well known in fox hunting circles as that of a fearless rider to hounds, and a kind and devoted friend of the canine and equine races, that much interest is attached to the illustration of this very popular lady surrounded by a group of her favourite dogs. It is not often that seven bulldogs can be brought to live together on such terms of perfect amity as to be induced to stand quietly for their

photographs to be taken, and the difficulties of the situation must have been immeasurably increased by the appearance of a retriever amongst the company, for black dogs almost invariably excite a bulldog's feelings to a ditch of frenzy, just as a red rag irritates a bull beyond endurance. Still Mrs. Clarke is evidently in possession of the enviable gift of being able to control the

emotions of her pets, whilst she is to be congratulated upon the possession of so good a kennel of bulldogs, the best of which, to judge from the illustration, is the white dog with his head on the brindle's back. This animal, in addition to possessing a fine, massive, square skull, shows the coveted roach back, which is so



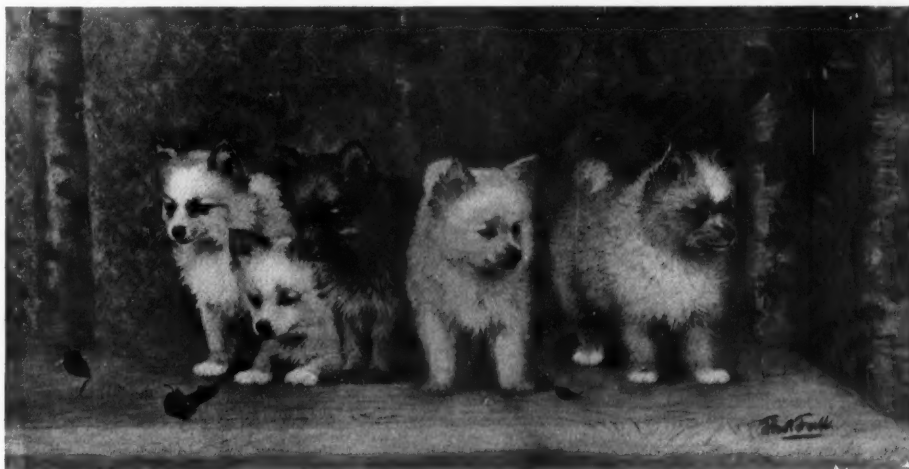
T. Fall,

BRED A MUDDLER.

Baker Street.

seldom seen associated with the modern imitation of the old bulldog, whilst his ears are set on well at the corners of the skull, and he owns a large black nose and a nicely turned-up and apparently very wide under jaw.

A very charming illustration of Pomeranian puppies is also that of little Miss Birkbeck and her two juvenile pets, a somewhat remarkable feature of the latter being their apparent resignation to the restraining influences of a lead. True that these are only bonds of silk in the present instance, but all who possess any practical experience of the extreme dislike



T. Fall,

A GROUP OF INFANT POMERANIANS.

Baker Street.

evinced by young puppies to anything of the nature of a collar will readily admit that this youthful dog owner must possess some secret influence over her dogs which many a professional trainer would be glad to acquire.

The illustration of the champion Irish terrier, Breda Muddler, which has upon so many occasions done yeoman service for the celebrated kennel of Mr. William Graham of Belfast, is an admirable representation of one of the very best specimens of this famous breed that has ever graced a show ring. A curious circumstance in connection with Breda Muddler's career is that his former owner could never recognise the merit of his dog, and therefore it remained for Mr. Graham, who purchased him, to develop the qualities of this champion "dare devil." Possibly the fact that Mr. Graham possesses a more intimate acquaintance with the points of Irish terriers than most men is accountable for the successes of the dog; but a great deal must always depend upon the management of every kennel of show animals. Mr. Graham, it may therefore be observed, is a great advocate of plenty of fresh air and heaps of exercise for his dogs, most of whom



T. Fall,

MRS. C. F. C. CLARKE AND HER BULLDOGS.

Baker Street.

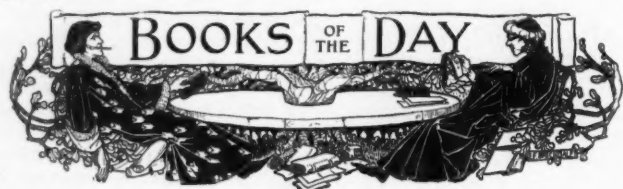


Fall, MISS BIRKBECK AND TWO PUPS. Baker St.

spend many hours a day in the large railed-in meadow which adjoins his bachelor establishment in the outskirts of Belfast. By this means coats are kept like pin wire and muscle is laid on; whilst, in addition, healthy appetites are ensured, so that the daily allowance of plain wholesome food is eagerly devoured by every inmate of the kennel, from which in all probability more good Irish terriers have appeared than from any two other establishments of the kind in the kingdom.

Our Portrait Illustration

MISS C. EDITH COOPER, whose portrait forms our frontispiece this week, is the daughter of the late Mr. S. Herbert Cooper of New Park, Trentham, and until recently has spent most of her life in Staffordshire. Miss Cooper, however, spent the summer of 1895 in South Africa, where she did a good deal of shooting; and she has done a great deal of mountaineering in Switzerland, where, with her sister, she climbed the Matterhorn last summer. Miss Cooper also possesses the *mens sana in corpore sano*, for in addition to her sporting and climbing exploits, she has contributed some very taking articles to contemporary journalism.



"I MAY also improve this occasion," Peter abruptly continued, "to make my adieus. I shall be leaving for England in a few days now."

The Duchessa raised her eyebrows. "Really?" she said. "Oh! that is too bad," she added by way of comment. "October, you know, is regarded as the best month of all the twelve in this lake country."

"Yes, I know it," Peter responded, regretfully.

"And it is a horrid month in England," she went on.

"It is an abominable month in England," he acknowledged.

"Here it is blue, like larkspur, and all fragrant of the vintage, and joyous with the songs of the vintagers," she said. "There it is dingy-brown, and smoggy, and it smells of smoke."

"Yes," he agreed.

"But you are a sportsman. You go in for shooting?" she conjectured.

"No," he answered, "I gave up shooting years ago."

"Oh—? Hunting, then?"

"I hate hunting. One is always getting rolled on by one's horse."

"Ah! I see. It—it will be golf, perhaps?"

"No, it is not even golf."

"Don't tell me it is football."

"Do I look as if it were football?"

"It is sheer home sickness, in fine? You are grieving for the purple of your native heather?"

"There is scarcely any heather in my native county. No," said Peter, "No. To tell you the truth it is the usual thing. It is an *histoire de femme*."

"I might have guessed it," she exclaimed. "It is still that everlasting woman."

"That everlasting woman—?" Peter faltered.

"To be sure," said she. "The woman you are always going on about. The woman of your novel. *This* woman, in short."

And she produced from behind her back a hand that she had kept there, and held up for his inspection a grey and gold bound book.

"My novel?" faltered he. (But the sight of it, in her possession, in these particular circumstances, gave him a thrill that was not a thrill of despair.)

"Your novel," she repeated, smiling sweetly, and mimicking his tone. Then she made a little moue. "Of course I have known that you were your friend Felix Wildmay from the outset."

"Oh!" said Peter, in a feeble sort of gasp, looking bewildered, "you have known that from the outset?" And his brain seemed to reel.

"Yes," said she, "of course. Where would the fun have been otherwise? And now you are going away, back to her shrine, to renew your worship. I hope you will find the courage to offer her your hand."

Peter's brain was reeling. But here was the opportunity of his life.

"You give me courage," he pronounced, with sudden daring. "You are in a position to help me with her. And since you know so much, I should like you to know more. I should like to tell you who she is."

"One should be careful where one bestows one's confidences," she warned him; but there was something in her eyes, there was a glow, a softness, that seemed at the same time to invite them.

"No," he said, "better than telling you who she is, I will tell you when I first saw her. It was at the Français, in December, four years ago, a Thursday night, a subscription night. She sat in one of the middle boxes of the first tier. She was dressed in white. Her companions were an elderly woman, English I think, in black, who wore a cap, and an old man with white moustache and imperial, who looked as if he might be a French officer. And the play—"

He broke off, and looked at the Duchessa! She kept her eyes down.

"Yes—the play?" she questioned, in a low voice, after a little wait.

"The play was Monsieur Pailleuron's 'Le monde ou l'on s'ennui,'"

he said. "Oh!" said she, still keeping her eyes down. Her voice was still very low.

But there was something in it that made Peter's heart leap.

"The next time I saw her," he began. . . . But then he had to stop.

He felt as if the beating of his heart must suffocate him.

"Yes—the next time?" she questioned.

He drew a deep breath. He began anew.

"The next time was a week later, at the Opera. They were giving 'Lohengrin.' She was with the same man and woman, and there was another younger man. She had pearls round her neck and in her hair, and she had a cloak lined with light fur. She left before the opera was over. I did not see her again until the following May, when I saw her once or twice in London, driving in the Park. She was always with the same elderly Englishwoman, but the military-looking old Frenchman had disappeared. And then I saw her once more, a year later, in Paris, driving in the Bois."

The Duchessa kept her eyes down. She did not speak.

Peter waited as long as flesh and blood could wait, looking at her.

"Well?" he pleaded, at last. "That is all. Have you nothing to say to me?"

She raised her eyes, and for the tiniest fraction of a second they gave themselves to his. Then she dropped them again.

"You are sure," she asked, "you are perfectly sure that when, afterwards, you met her, and came to know her as she really is—you are perfectly sure there was no disappointment?"

"Disappointment!" cried Peter. "She is in every way immeasurably beyond anything that I was capable of dreaming. Oh! if you could see her, if you could hear her speak, if you could look into her eyes—if you could see her as others see her—you would not ask whether there was a disappointment. She is— No; the language is not yet invented in which I could describe her."

The Duchessa smiled softly to herself.

"And you are in love with her—more or less?" she asked.

"I love her so that the bare imagination of being allowed to tell her of my love almost makes me faint with joy. But it is like the story of the poor squire who loved his queen. She is the greatest of great ladies; I am nobody. She is so beautiful, so splendid and so high above me, it would be the maddest presumption for me to ask her for her love. To ask for the love of my queen! And yet— Oh! I can say no more. God sees my heart; God knows how I love her."

"And it is on her account—because you think your love is hopeless—that you are going away, that you are going back to England?"

"Yes," said he.

She raised her eyes again, and again they gave themselves to his. There was something in them; there was a glow, a softness. . . .

"Don't go," she said.

Up at the castle—Peter had hurried down to the villa, dressed, and returned to the castle to dine—he restored the snuff-box to Cardinal Udeschini.

"I am trebly your debtor for it," said the Cardinal.

So far, it needs hardly to be said, not a word that has been written is mine; would, indeed, that I were able to claim the credit of so much as a syllable. The fact is that in treating of that exceptionally dainty and perfect work "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," by Mr. Henry Harland (John Lane), it has seemed convenient and appropriate to follow the method of Gaboriau, and to begin at the end. After reading it not once only, but twice, after yielding myself without reserve to its delicate fascination, I have referred to some of Mr. Harland's early work in the Yellow Book, which flashed through a brief and bizarre existence in 1895 and thereabouts, with a view to discover what blindness beset me that in those early days Mr. Harland's art did not enthrall me. The result of the reference is no particular feeling of shame, but rather a joyful recognition that "The Cardinal's Snuff-box" marks an immense advance on the part of the writer on that early work, and a great advance upon "Comedies and Errors" and "Grey Roses." Mr. Harland has lost none of the "felicities and delicacies" of which Mr. Henry James sang the well-earned

praises in the *Fortnightly Review*; he is a more consummate artist than ever, an equal master of rich colour and rigorous self-restraint; he has passed beyond the stage at which a critic, meaning to be kind, could speak of him as "a kind of younger Pater, emancipated from those cramping academic bonds which occasionally injured Mr. Pater's work." Mr. Harland is, in fact, himself, and may well be contented so to remain. His last-born child in literature is a prose-poem having all the most choiceworthy qualities of a fountain—that is to say, purity, light, and grace. He has a pretty story to tell, and a fanciful. He tells it with dainty taste and with delightful terseness. His characters, one and all, are original, natural, individual, and lovable; the whole has a literary savour all too rare in these hurried days; and, most precious gift of all, every page almost is brightened by flashes of a pretty and irrepressible wit, as, for example, when the hero paraphrases the familiar ballad into

"She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our valley,"

and then carols it softly to his Italian servant as

"E del mio cuore la carina,
E dimor' nella nostra valletina."

And now for the story, which being itself told with terse neatness in 300 pages odd by a master's hand, must needs be mutilated in brief recapitulation by one who certainly has not the gift of story-telling. So let it be reduced to the baldest lines. Peter Marchdale, son of a Q.C., possessed of some £2,000 a year, is a gifted but unappreciated author, who, desiring to work at peace and in beautiful surroundings, has taken from the agent of the Duchessa di Santangiolò, a lovely house in full view of Monte Sforito, and near to Ventirose, the home of the Duchessa. His one attendant is Marietta, an old Italian peasant woman, excellently portrayed. The Duchessa in her turn is an English Catholic of noble family, widow of an Italian Duke, niece of a most lovable Italian Cardinal, a miracle of grace and beauty. She is also, although she naturally knows it not, the beautiful unknown whom Marchdale, having seen her once or twice at a distance in Paris and in London, has made into his ideal woman, about whom, and his hopeless passion for her, he has written his one real book.

They see one another across the river which divides the great park from his more humble dwelling. He recognises her at once; she takes an interest in him; she makes private inquiries about him, learns that he is a novelist and gets his books, which are written over a pseudonym; the acquaintance ripens, and they discuss the great book as if it had been written by a friend of his; he is all passion and hopelessness; she, in a passing incident, learns his true kindness and gentleness of heart; and then she goes to Rome to consult her uncle, the Cardinal—on mixed marriages, and the possibility of converting an English heretic.

As for the Cardinal, he is delightful. He is Cardinal Udeschini, he is Prince Udeschini by the accident of birth, he is, by virtue of his untiring work in the slums of Rome, "the Little Uncle of the poor," and he is a man of infinite gentleness and kindness and humour; but he takes snuff. So Beatrice (that is to say, the Duchessa), after a playful interview, in which she is really consulting him about Peter, but he pretends to think that it is only about a new hat, gives him 200 lire for a new snuff-box, which he annexes at once to relieve distress; but none the less, she gives him a snuff-box, on which, with amazing ingenuity and cleverness, the story is made to hang; or rather, perhaps, it would be more accurate to write that the snuff-box is the *deus ex machina* of the story. For the Cardinal goes down to Ventirose with his niece and becomes the matchmaker. He it is who suggests delicately to Beatrice that the foreign visitor might well be asked to dinner; and then Beatrice and Peter grow first nearer to one another and then more distant, for they have many misunderstandings, due, firstly, to his pride and to his feeling that his position is hopeless; and, secondly, to her failure for a long time to recognise that she is the ideal woman described in his book. It is while she is in this state of misunderstanding, that is to say, while she knows the book to be his but not that she is the woman, and while he does not know that she has recognised his authorship, that they discuss the whole problem, and she says, in effect, that in these circumstances the man might well become a suitor. Then an Irishwoman, Mrs. O'Donovan Florence—not quite so complete a character as the others in the book—explains to Beatrice first; and Beatrice reveals her love, but her pride is roused. She must, she feels, have seemed to be asking for his love; and Mrs. O'Donovan Florence half reveals Beatrice's secret, and Peter's courage is roused, and he resolves to tempt his fate. Even at the gate of Ventirose his heart fails him, and only the sight of the Cardinal's snuff-box dropped in the grass, by giving an excuse for entering the house, nerves him to the enterprise. But she, with all her woman's pride up in arms, is cold as ice and stately as a statue. So there is another estrangement and more despair than ever. Then Marietta falls ill, and the Cardinal is goodness and gentleness itself, and there are some very touching bedside scenes, and at last there falls an occasion on which, Peter having gone away for the day, the Cardinal and Beatrice drive down to see Marietta, and, in an inspiration of kindly cunning, the Cardinal deliberately leaves his snuff-box behind. Upon this follows the very clever and delicate scene with which this unworthy appreciation begins, and a noble and delicate book ends.

To this long review may be added a notice of "The Bath Comedy," by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Macmillan). A cheerful, gay, and gallant tale. Not a book for those who like good solid work with a moral more or less concealed, nor for those who read with delight of the hot-house vices, the vulgar jokes and tainted atmosphere in which, if the novelist is to be believed, the millionaire of to-day lives. None of the characters sit down to watch the listening world with "smart" conversation on the subject of their friends' misfortunes or vices. "Strike me ugly!" says one

gay gentleman, "shall not a gentleman be ever ready to meet his fate with a smile? I vow I've never yet seen Death's head grin at me but I've given him the grin back—split me!" And in that mood the book is written. A real comedy. To tell the story would be a gross mistake. Let anybody who wants a pleasant interlude in a busy or an idle day read it for himself. The wildly jealous Sir Jasper, the vapid Lady Standish, the "incomparable Bellairs," the handsome Stafford, would lose something of the freshness of their charm if I told in plain fashion of how they wept and laughed, and fought and swooned, and made love and brandy punch. Bath in the second half of the eighteenth century is the scene of the story, and he who can find no pleasure in reading it may take to himself Tom Stafford's words to Sir Jasper, "And thou, lad, lackest the saving grace of humour so woefully that, in truth, I fear—well—thou art in a parlous state: I fear damnation waits thee, for 'tis incurable."

Tardi Venere Bubulci.

"THE slow oxen came." The fact of the matter is that such an old-world picture as these three yoke of oxen dragging a heavy roller over a bare upland plough cannot fail to recall those faint memories of the classics which linger in the brain of a middle-aged man who has been devoted to things modern ever since he left Oxford.

Save for one minor detail—that is to say, the costume of the ox-man who wields the long wand—this picture might almost be taken straight out of an illustrated edition of the *Georgics*; but Virgil's Swains did not wear corduroy trousers, or sleeveless waistcoats, or slouch felt hats. As a matter of fact, it was probably taken in Berkshire, and it may easily have been taken in 1900, for these slow-moving, patient, heavy-footed creatures are the living image of those who brought the 4.7 gun of the Powerful into the arena of the Military Tournament of this year. Most likely, to many townsmen who applauded to the echo, it may have seemed strange that a full team of oxen should be found in England, and that so great an appearance of African reality could be given to the scene. Indeed, an eager critic was even heard to say that the committee of the Tournament had surely run to unnecessary expense in importing a full team of oxen from South Africa. As a matter of fact, oxen are still used for agricultural purposes on several large estates in England, notably at Hatfield, and the oxen at the Agricultural Hall, long-horned and of a very dark brown colour, were lent by Mr. Swindell, a master of foxhounds at Faringdon, Berks.

This particular writer yields to none in his delight in survivals and revivals of ancient usage, but he is not prepared to



T. Fall,

A TEAM OF OXEN.

Baker Street.

contend that the draught ox is good economy, or, for that matter, that he is not. His advantages are that he is patient as a rule, healthy, and strong. Also at the end of his working career he may be more or less edible, but one cannot help thinking that he would be tough. On the other hand, working mainly as the picture shows, by sheer weight, he is indubitably slow, and low as the wages of the agricultural labourer are in some parts of the country—that is to say, in those which are remote from manufacturing industry—one cannot help thinking that, if the swain with the wand had a team of horses he would get through more work in less time than with his oxen. But he and his team are delightful all the same. They recall the ancient poetry of agriculture, and it is to be observed with pleasure that the picture shows clearly that the gentleman carries a harmless wand and not the cruel goad of ancient times. One more quotation—from Ovid this time—comes in aptly: "*Stridula Salvomates plaustra bubulcus agit.*" It is true that a roller is not a waggon, but it is undoubtedly not less true that the roller here portrayed creaks as loudly as any waggon.



THE chief interests of this characteristic Worcestershire house were described in a previous article. They were found in that wonderful double hedge of yew trees leading up to the porch, the so-called Apostles' Garden, in which the twelve apostles and the four evangelists are represented in those venerable trees. There is also a modern garden, to which allusion has been made, with a pretty footpath leading to the old church. Notable also is the lofty porch of the house, with the motto "Dieu et mon droit" above the door.

Rural gardens and country ways are always attractive and full of a sweet picturesqueness, and they afford abundant subjects for the artist, who brings into cities the presence of the green things of the country. Even more picturesque than the garden

at Cleeve Prior is the old farmyard. Those cart houses, with their lofty gables and external stairways leading to the lofts, have a singularly pictorial character, while the dove-cote is most interesting, and is probably not equalled in England.

In former times detached buildings were frequent in gardens, and garden houses and dove-cotes gave charming opportunities to the garden architect. Sometimes there were "banqueting houses" at the ends of terraces, being places where our ancestors were festive in the summer-time. In "The Formal Garden in England," by Mr. Blomfield and Mr. Inigo Thomas, many examples are given of the exquisite character of such effective structures, which, indeed, at Montacute and many of our great houses are extremely noteworthy.

Aviaries are now very rarely found in gardens, which, perhaps, is a matter for congratulation rather than regret, since they have been nearly always crude and inartistic erections. In the sixteenth century it was not unusual to find such structures, and the dove-cote at

Cleeve Prior is a notable example of them. The authors of "The Formal Garden" remark that such buildings were considered indispensable to every country house, though they appear always to have been placed at some distance and seldom within the garden walls. They might, it is true, often be seen from the garden, as is the case at Cleeve Prior, where the tiled roof of the circular building is a picturesque object from the lawn.

"Columbaries," or pigeon-houses, were usually square or octagonal in form, with gabled roofs, and a cupola forming a small open-air dove-cote at the top. Circular pigeon-houses like that at Cleeve Prior are less common. There is an example in the rose garden at Rousham, with tiers of nesting places built in

the walls, and in some cases, as at Melton Hall in Norfolk, and at Athelhampton in Dorset, a revolving post stood in a socket in the centre with a projecting arm to which a ladder was hung. In this way, by turning round the post, access could be had to any part of the structure. Evelyn mentions a "pigeon-house of most laudable example" at Godstone in Surrey. Many of these columbaries, such as the great square one at South Stoke, near Goring on the Thames, are, as the authors of "The Formal Garden" say, so exceedingly picturesque that there seems no reason for excluding them from the garden—the greater reason, we might say, for giving them a place. The ordinary barrel dove-cote or other like construction upon a high post was often put up in the garden and may be found in many places now. In an old garden near Southwater a dove-cote such as this forms the centre-piece of a square walled garden, with straight grass paths leading up to a circle in the centre, and the effect is very good. Badeslade's view of Sundridge Place, in Kent (1720),



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THE OLD FLOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CLEEVE PRIOR.—II.: THE MANOR HOUSE.

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shows the dove-cote standing in the centre of the fish-pond. The water-floor was occupied by the ducks; above this was a room, with a balcony all round, and steps up from the water; and the upper part was pierced with holes and perches for the pigeons. A large octagonal wooden dove-cote on a solid wood trestle is shown in Logan's view of St. John's, Oxford.

Cleeve Prior has, therefore, a special claim to attention. The village is exceedingly picturesque also, and there again is to be seen a remarkable dove-cote, though one in no way comparable to the fine example at the Old Manor House.

Southern Gardens.

PUBLIC spaces for the benefit of the loafer and dawdler are maintained in every well-regulated State. In Morocco, it is true, a garden means a beautiful wilderness in miniature, rented by Europeans from the Government, a tangled maze of roses and luxuriant creepers, where the bee-eater chases bees and the hoopoe shows its wondrous head-gear over walls of impenetrable vegetation. But the Anglo-Saxon understands by public gardens an enclosed space with well-kept paths and carefully-trimmed bushes, generally with the Latin name on a wooden label thrust in the earth close by. Water in some form or other—either some tiny brook or else the more reposeful lake mirroring stately swans or broken with the splash of fountains—is also the orthodox feature in such landscape, and the gardens at Bournemouth are perhaps as near the genuine thing as we can get to it in this unfruitful atmosphere.

What a difference is there in the gardens of the South! I recollect well how on one occasion I sat lost in meditation under cover of a huge tree-fern. There was nothing to indicate that I was within call of the Sydney Parliament on the one side and the official residence of the Governor of New South Wales on the other. The stables of Government House are indeed so close and so imposing that I hardly wonder that more than one arrival from the back blocks has mistaken them for the residence itself. Beside me, this break of day, bright green lizards gambolled unheeded within reach. Overhead flirted, or wrangled—I know



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A DOVE-COTE IN THE FARMYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

not whether it was love or war—a pair of grotesque kingfishers, renegades who have no taste for either fish or water, but pass all their life in that mirthless laughter and the mastication of lizards and snakes of all kinds; more lizards, I fancy, than snakes, and a few frogs and rats thrown in. A crunching of the winding gravel, that declines from Macquarie Street to the cove occupied by the men-of-war, draws my attention to an early Chinaman, the well-filled panniers of fruit hanging from the extremities of the bamboo that rests on his bowed neck. John sells me peaches and bananas, his almond eyes lighting with contempt as I bid him keep the change, for the European is but his means to an end—the path that, however thorny, must be trodden to the glories of the fan-tan table and other somewhat more mysterious recreations of Goulburn Street.

It is the middle of September, but this evergreen land shows few signs of the springtide that is at hand. For the born colonial, and for the visitor of nomadic habits and fickle affections, this garden, with the glistening harbour at its base, has a charm unequalled elsewhere in the world's gardens. Yet the homesick exile would give five years of his life for the sight of a true green glade at home, for an hour with the birds that breathe melody and



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THE CART HOVELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CLEEVE PRIOR.—II.: THE EAST GABLE.

are better than raucous rainbows, for a rest on the green sward on which Brobdingnagian ants do not carry on perennial excavations, where the tuft of tangled grass may not hide a poisoner, where trees are trees and not vegetable bottles or wooden skeletons.

I state the case as I have had it from those who best love home. I also best love home, but that is when it is a good few thousand miles away; and the Australian gardens always gave me endless delight. Sydney had the pick of them. With Sydney Harbour at their feet, either the much-vaunted Governor's garden at Buitenzorg or the cinnamon gardens outside Colombo might have satisfied those who are always searching for the real Eden. Without such water to relieve the scorched monotony of fern and palm and orchid, the Javanese garden palls in its wealth of baked plant life, and the show plantation of Southern Ceylon leaves a memory not so much of cinnamon as of the dust raised by mendicants that speed after your "ricksha" in their anxiety to sell glimpses of unrivalled sores.

Other gardens Australia has in plenty, for they are a feature of comparatively small townships—as, with land so plentiful and folks so few, they well may be. Those at Adelaide and Melbourne are remarkably well cared for, and at Brisbane you may—as also at Hobart—follow winding water; in both cases, however, that of a tidal river that at the extremest ebb leaves noisome flats of mud strewn with targets for carrion-eating birds. There is none of this with the harbour that has excited the



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THE MANOR HOUSE, SOUTH LITTLETON. "COUNTRY LIFE"

praise of every visitor and the reverence of every colonial. There is the difference between Southend and Southsea. Standing a little lower down the slope, in the grateful shadow of some giant pines from Norfolk Island—for, with only eight of the morning sounding from the great post-office clock, there is already evidence of the sun overhead—I can look down on the little steamers already ferrying hundreds of workers across from the north shore suburbs. Just beneath me are the fish salesmen of Woollomooloo Market clearing up their stalls, for the many-coloured harvest of last night's fishing by the Greeks and Italians is already being hawked round the city. I make for the small swimming bath—railed in against the intrusion of the prowling shark and slimy octopus—and notice a stir in Farm Cove; for are not two of the war-ships weighing anchor for their eight days' sail to the islands of the lotus-eaters? And is there not to be an "enquiry" into the recent disturbance among the satin-skinned children of idleness? Not to mention an "award" that will yet further uphold Britannic dignity in those peaceful roadsteads. Other ships will ere long arrive to take the place of those about to leave, and meanwhile there is the gallant old flag-ship to hold their Mother's image before these emancipated children. Separationists may babble on both sides of the equator; but clear the harbour of these spruce vessels, with all the bunting and the brave glint of guns, and tell me how long colonials will continue to speak of "Home!"

Not much less than the poles from the tropics do the famous gardens at Buitenzorg differ from those of our colonial capitals, for in the beautiful sanatorium of Batavia we have the fierce struggle between tropical luxuriance and trim Dutch landscape gardening. Just such a rivalry between African palm and European flower I have seen in the Caudries. Nature is like some gay cavalier that will not be straitened and disciplined by the sour puritans who have got nominally the upper hand, and the contrast between some of the main walks and the bypaths that have things their own way is striking indeed. From one corner of the garden, too, is a very perfect view of the giant volcano, Gunung Salak, that towers not far off a mile and a-half into the hazy blue, its summit bare of the palms that have dwindled to the apparent size of grass. At the feet of this smouldering ogre there runs a turbid brook in which, thus early in the day, native mothers are dipping their nut-brown babes and singing merry tunes of "good morrow" to their friends on the other bank. I have no wish to understate the beauties of this deer park, as I believe it is officially called, but I cannot help thinking



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DOVE-COTE AT THE KING'S HEAD, CLEEVE PRIOR.

"C.L."

that they owe something to their own welcome contrast to the horrors of Batavia. Surely, the beauty of paradise is relative to the terrors of hell.

F. G. AFLALO.

IN THE GARDEN.

CYDONIAS (JAPANESE QUINCES) IN THE WILD GARDEN.

THESE picturesque shrubs have been flowering bountifully this year, and a spreading bush of some good kind for colour, say Knap Hill scarlet, makes a wonderful crimson glow in the garden. An interesting note comes from an admirer of COUNTRY LIFE about their value in the wild garden. He writes: "I think one of the prettiest effects I have seen this spring occurred when inspecting a large mass of seedling Cydonias in bloom. Here were to be found fine bushes some 4 ft. through, none of them marred by being grafted or budded, but all were seedlings of a most delightful range of colour from brick-red to fulgent scarlet; from snowy-white to lemon-white; and from tinted pink to salmon-rose. It occurred to me how pleasant it would be to meet with some of these in the wild garden, wood, or copse. To my mind there is no more charming flowering shrub, and to see them in their true beauty they should be grown as bushes or as pyramids. I have a lovely seedling rich pink in colour and some 8 ft. high growing against a post in the open garden. This plant never fails to flower profusely, assisted doubtless by the summer pinching its young growths receive, and also an occasional severing of the coarse tap roots. From a few hundred seedlings one is sure to obtain something good. The best may be readily propagated by layers put down in early spring, or small pieces of the roots inserted in pans and given a gentle bottom heat will quickly break out into growth, and in time develop into serviceable plants."

THE TRADE IN POISONS AND POISONOUS COMPOUNDS.

It is interesting to know that a society, chiefly through the good work of Mr. G. H. Richards, the inventor of the famous XL All fumigator, has been formed to defeat the objects of the Pharmaceutical Society in their recent attempts to monopolise the sale of weed-killers and materials for the use of the farmer and horticulturist in keeping down insect pests. This society is known as "The Traders in Poisons and Poisonous Compounds for Technical and Trade Purposes Protection Society." The secretary is Mr. T. G. Dobbs, and the hon. treasurer Mr. G. H. Richards, whilst the offices are 5 and 6, Clement's Inn, Strand, London, W.C. As much interest is being taken in this work we extract the following from a circular sent to us.

"A strong representative committee has been formed, and the society is now seeking support by way of subscription or donation from all classes of traders, the objects of the association being stated shortly as follows:

- "(1) To promote and protect the interests of traders in poisons and poisonous compounds for technical or trade purposes.
 - "(2) To take steps as the executive committee may consider desirable for opposing legislation which is calculated to injuriously affect such traders.
 - "(3) To secure the removal of repressive and vexatious restrictions in regard to the sale of poisons and poisonous compounds for technical and trade purposes by traders other than pharmacists.
 - "(4) To promote and support by all constitutional means the passage through Parliament of any bill or bills comprehending the above objects.
 - "(5) To advise and assist members of the society in any litigation in which the general interests of the traders in poisons and poisonous compounds for technical or trade purposes are in the opinion of the executive committee injuriously affected.
- "A petition to Parliament has been drawn up for the signature of seedsmen,

nurserymen, gardeners, corn dealers, ironmongers, oil and colourmen, hardwaremen, agricultural agents, farmers, and other classes of tradesmen and users of chemical compounds containing poisons but only intended for technical and industrial purposes, pointing out, *inter alia*,

"(1) The important losses to trade generally; and

"(2) The very serious inconvenience to consumers and the public at large by the retailing of such articles being taken *in toto* away from the tradesmen who have been accustomed to stock such specialities and given—as a monopoly—to pharmaceutical chemists, the large majority of whom have little acquaintance with, and, at best, small accommodation for the storage of goods in these lines, which are frequently of a heavy or bulky nature.

"Copies of this petition, we are informed, are being sent out from the offices of the society to gentlemen in various localities who will interest



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A SECTION OF THE YEW AVENUE, CLEEVE PRIOR. "COUNTRY LIFE."

themselves in the matter, and with the view of making the movement of a popular character the minimum annual subscription for membership has been fixed at 5s., and donations are invited."

A FEW NOTES FROM THE WISLEY GARDEN.

We were much interested in many plants in flower and otherwise in the charming Oakwood garden of Mr. G. F. Wilson, at Wisley, near Weybridge. The following kinds are worthy of particular mention, as they grow here quite freely:

Lilium giganteum.—This noble lily seems to have become thoroughly established, and its big bright green glossy leaves are a picture in themselves, grouped in some sheltered spot, where they are unlikely to suffer seriously from

frost. Mr. Wilson puts a few fir branches over them at night-time as an additional protection, because frost, as one knows from painful experience, plays sad havoc amongst tender vegetation. There are several noble groups in the deep prepared soil, and when the big spikes hold their brownish and ivory white flowers no Lily is more impressive, seen in the subdued light of the woodland.

Aponogeton distachyon (the Cape Pond Flower) covered the surface almost entirely with its white hawthorn-scented flowers. Their fragrance seemed to saturate the air, and Mr. Wilson told the writer that this water plant flowered more or less through the winter. It is not often that the *Aponogeton* is grown so freely as at Wisley, but the flower is too sweet to regard lightly.

The Pearl Bush (*Exochorda grandiflora*) was very beautiful. One tree on the hillside was enveloped in pure white flower sprays, as white as snow, and the whole tree is as graceful as the Bird Cherry of the woodland. This species is infinitely prettier than the form called *E. Alberti*, which is interesting for its wealth of soft green leaves, but does not flower in the same free and delightful way. One may enter many English gardens without discovering the Pearl Bush, although quite an old introduction.

Primula japonica.—This plant was very interesting. Mr. Wilson has planted it freely in many places by ditch and in open moist peaty beds. There is

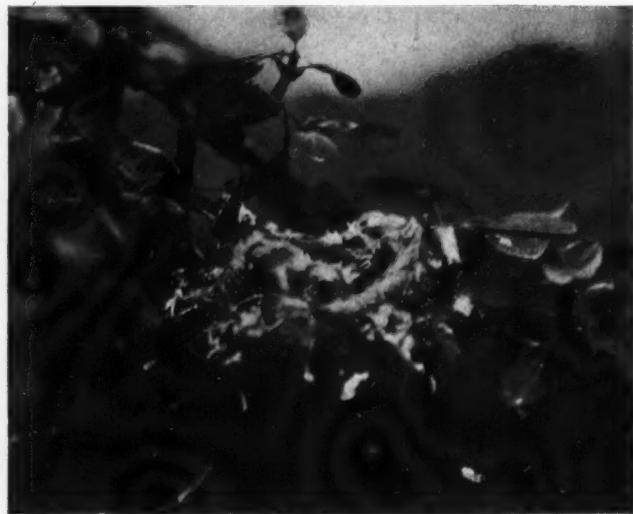
great variety of colouring in the flowers, some almost pure white with dark eyes, others salmon-rose, and a few deep crimson or allied shades. At one time this Japanese Primrose was grown in pots in the greenhouse, as it was not considered to be sufficiently hardy for the open ground. But all this is now exploded. The plant will succeed almost anywhere, provided there is moisture and partial shade. It delights in a peaty place by a ditch, and a group by the lakeside is full of colour at this time.

The Garland Flower (*Daphne Cneorum*).—We have never seen more luxuriant masses of this *Daphne*. The whole of its dark growth was hidden by the dense flower clusters of a warm pink, paling with age to a lighter shade. It spreads out freely and is very bright in colour in a peaty soil.

The *Gentianella* (*Gentiana acaulis*) made rich groups of colour. A colony on the hillside was blue with flowers, and it is interesting to notice that when the growth gets very thick the flowers are few in number. In one place there was a mass of *Gentianella* showing a solitary bloom only through the too matted growth. A long row by Apple trees was very charming, a deep blue line so to say, a streak of summer-sky marked out on the earth. It is interesting to notice how greatly the plants vary in colour, some paler than others, and a few quite pink. We remember a series collected by Mr. Scott Wilson on the Alps, with quite a startling variety of colours, but we must confess that the pure blue of the type is the most precious.

SOME NORFOLK BIRDS' NESTS.

WE had two reasons for choosing Haddiscoe in Norfolk as the centre from which to start on a nest-photographing expedition. In the first place, Haddiscoe is one of the most favourably situated hamlets in the county for the object we had in view. On one side it is bordered by a far-stretching expanse of level marshland, intersected by the winding Waveney, the straight New Cut, and a vast network of rush and sedge-fringed dykes connected with those waterways. From time immemorial wildfowl have frequented these marshes. On winter nights the flight-shooter sees large flocks of them, which have spent the daylight hours in the neighbouring sanctuary of Fritton Lake, settle down among the rustling reeds and on the forsaken flats; in spring, summer, and autumn the cattle tenders and dyke drawers pursue their respective callings to the music of innumerable larks, meadow pipits, and warblers. On the other side of the village are pleasant upland fields and extensive tracts of woodlands, where bird life is equally abundant and the wild-life photographer may find plenty of subjects for his camera. Our second reason for selecting Haddiscoe as our starting point was that we were to have the companionship and assistance of a resident there who is one of the best field naturalists in the county. Last C. Farman, as much as any man in England, may claim to be considered a true "son of the marshes." He comes of a family of marshlanders, and from his earliest days has lived on the marshes. At all hours of the night and day this "last" of the Farmans, as, by way of humorous comment on his bachelorhood, he calls himself, has been abroad on the lonesome lowlands, and such is his love for the wild life of the district that there is not a bird-visitant or resident he cannot identify at a glance, and whose note he cannot recognise and imitate. I have heard him repeat the alarm note of a redshank in such a way that had I not been facing him I could not have known that it was not the bird crying, and I have known him carry on a long whistled dialogue with a hen nightingale. As a nest-finder I have never met his equal; a special instinct seems to take him direct to the spot where a nest is concealed. His bump of locality, too, is strongly developed: having once discovered a nest he is seldom at a loss to find it again. His life on the marshes has trained him to endure exposure to all weathers, and a day seldom passes on which he does not tramp some ten miles along the highways and byways around Haddiscoe.



H. Jenkins. GOLDFINCHES IN A PEAR TREE. Copyright

It was an ideal morning for open-air photography when we arrived at Haddiscoe Station and commenced a mile and a-half's trudge along the dusty dam which is the highway across the local marshes. Hardly a breath of breeze stirred the silver-leaved willows by the dyke sides; the sun shone with a subdued light that gave us no striking contrasts of light and shade. A few lapwings were wailing over the marshes, yellow wagtails were dipping along the dyke sides, and near a marshman's cottage a reed warbler was singing a loud and almost incessant song. Farman met us just outside the village, and at once delighted us with the intelligence that there was a nest of young goldfinches in a garden adjoining his home. For a long time we had been looking for a goldfinch's nest, but although the bird is not uncommon in Norfolk, where the birdcatcher is not much in evidence, had not succeeded in finding one. We at once set out for the garden, and prepared to "take" the nest in a way not prohibited by the

Wild Birds' Protection Act. This, however, was no easy task, owing to its being placed on one of the topmost branches of a pear tree; but with the aid of a ladder our photographer attained a sufficient altitude for satisfactory focussing. Even then there were difficulties to be overcome, for the photographer's weight on the ladder kept the boughs of the tree quivering, and the man who attempts to work a camera from the top of a ladder feels the disability attached to the possession of only one pair of hands. The owner of the garden was an interested spectator, but abused his privilege by making sarcastic comments on the time it took to obtain a photograph. He expressed fears that the young birds would die before their parents could again come to them, and unkindly compared the proceedings to those of a deliberate sheep-shearer whose sheep had to be fed from time to time in order that they might survive the operation!



H. Jenkins.

YOUNG SPARROW-HAWKS.

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We next visited a wood in an adjoining parish, where a pair of sparrow-hawks were known to have nested in an oak tree. It was no easy matter to reach this particular tree, for it grew in the middle of the wood and was surrounded by a dense undergrowth of brambles, young ashes, and hazels. Led by an old woodman, we crept in and out among the ash and nut wands, following each other in Indian file, and holding our hands before our faces to ward off the blows of the rebounding branches. Halting at the foot of the tree, camera, dark cloth, slides, etc., were fastened together and tied to the end of a rope. Farman and the photographer then ascended the tree, hauled up the camera after them, and disappeared from sight amid the dense leafage. The rest of us, having learnt from our experience with the goldfinch's nest that a long period of waiting was before us, seated ourselves on the rugged tree roots, unpacked our luncheon bag, and, while we acquainted ourselves with the quality of its contents, listened to the screeching of the jays, the music of the nightingales, and the old woodman's remarks on woodland life and woodcraft. His father and grandfather, he told us, had been woodmen, and several members of his family followed the same calling. It was his work to clear seven acres out of fifty of undergrowth each year, and make hurdles, thatching staves, and barrel hoops of the ashes and hazels. By the time the last seven acres of the fifty were cut down, the first had grown up sufficiently to serve their turn again, so that he worked through the whole fifty acres every seven years. He had done this five times, having had charge of the wood thirty-five years. In a clearing made the previous year he had built himself a brushwood hut, which he used as a workshop while hurdle and hoop-making. Our photographer subsequently photographed this hut, with the old woodman standing at its entrance, and the latter then pointed out to us a nest in its interior, from which a wren frequently flew down on to his back whilst he was at work. Although so well acquainted with the wood, the old man had once lost himself in it. He had fallen asleep one afternoon at the foot of a tree. When he awoke it was pitch dark, and he wandered about for some hours before he was able to find his way home.

The old woodman's reminiscences helped to pass the time away pleasantly for those of us who were compelled to remain inactive, and we were also cheered by an assurance which came from somewhere far above our heads that there were three young sparrow-hawks in the nest and every probability of their making a good "picture." Contentedly smoking our after-luncheon pipes, we implored the speaker not to spoil the picture by undue haste in obtaining it, and waited patiently until



H. Jenkins.

A SNIPE'S NEST.

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that our Kodak was not handy to preserve to us another interesting "picture." The sun was now shining brightly, the silvery willow leaves were gleaming, and the wherries on the distant river seemed to be sailing on a sea of sunlit meadow grass and wild flowers. Iridescent dragon-flies darted and hovered above the dykes, where the water violets and water crowfoots were in full bloom, the brown spikes of the sedge were already seeding, and the "colts," as the marshmen call the young reeds, half the height of last year's sapless amber culms.

Curiously enough, although snipes' nests are not uncommon on the marshes on the Suffolk side of the Waveney, they are much rarer on the Norfolk side, and that we photographed was the only one found there this year. The bird abandoned her charge as we approached; but all the while we were occupied with her nest and eggs she kept flying about the borders of the marsh, crying distressfully. "Summer lambs" the marshmen call the snipes, and anyone who is familiar with the male birds' strange bleatings will understand how they came by the name. As we looked at the simple nest with its four large and beautifully marked eggs, almost hidden by the long marsh grass, it seemed surprising that the cattle, while feeding, had not crushed it beneath their hoofs. Yet we could not hear that such an accident ever occurs, and it is not unlikely that, like the yellow wagtail, the snipe flies in the face of any large four-legged intruder that threatens danger to her nest, and pecks at it until

it is driven away. Somewhat tired after our long ramble, we returned across Haddiscoe Dam, where we could still hear the sedge warblers singing and watch the fading of the ruddy flames of sunset beyond the borders of the marshes.



H. Jenkins.

THE WOODMAN'S HUT.

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an oak branch, obstructing the descent of certain photographic essentials, discharged upon us a shower of dark slides. Farman and the photographer having descended in a less discomposing fashion, we all made our way out of the wood.

Although we had by no means exhausted the possibilities of the uplands, we now set out for the marshes, where Farman had found for us nests of the snipe and moorhen. Retracing our steps to Haddiscoe Dam, we were soon in the midst of the lush grass water meadows, dotted with grazing cattle as far as eye could see. Without the guidance of our nest-finder we should soon have lost ourselves, for the numerous dykes which intersect this wide expanse of level lowlands can only be crossed at certain spots where a fallen willow or narrow plank forms a treacherous bridge for us to pass over. As it was our photographer came to grief through the tilting sideways of a plank, and I regret

KILLING DRIVEN GAME.—VII.

IN all advice to beginners it has been usual to state in inches what lateral movement of the muzzle of the gun is necessary to accomplish various allowances of distance in front of game. It has also been found that some shooters take a long time to pull the trigger after they have made up their minds to pull. Moreover, some powders take longer than others to get the shot up the barrel. The difference between various individuals has been found to be as much as 5-100ths of a second. That is to say, the quickest nerves and muscles will obey the brain in 1-100th of a second, and others will take 6-100ths of a second to do so. Some powders will take 1-100th of a

second to get the shot out of the barrel, and others not a third of the time. The longer time of the muscles and nerves would allow a very fast bird (say 80 miles an hour) to travel 7 ft. while the order of the brain was being obeyed. Consequently, in order to hit a bird, however near, with a stationary gun, it would have to be fired at that much ahead, at least by a shooter who happened to be slow in this respect. This is the principal reason for the necessity of a gun to swing with the game; for it is obvious that if this is done there is no necessity for allowance on this score of personal error. This swing is all the more necessary because health varies so much that one individual may be quick in the morning and slow in the afternoon. His powder may be quick one day and slow another, and in order to do brilliant work he must be as nearly independent of his own personal variation and of the differences of loads as possible. He will always have to contend with the differences of pace of his game, and, to some extent, the variations of the pace of his shot, and these are quite tasks enough without setting those that are unnecessary. In the following remarks, then, everything will be considered as if the shot leaves the muzzle as the aim is obtained, and not afterwards. I am aware that my remarks last week were open to an objection—I suggested that when the “jerk” or “toss” was used that the pull of the trigger should be begun as the “toss” began; at the same time I gave the opinion that it was impossible to move the gun muzzle as fast actually as the game was flying. The necessary toss is only 3 in. or 4 in. as a rule, and the trigger can be pulled by some men in 1-100th of a second, so that 3 in. of the toss would be accomplished at the rate of twenty miles an hour for the gun muzzle, or half the speed of an ordinary bird without wind behind it. This speed is not possible, and it follows that anyone who did get his gun off in 1-100th of a second, after the intention, would not have tossed enough by the time the shot had left. But I think the 1-100th of a second for getting the trigger pulled after the intention is formed is, in practice, very unusual. If anyone really is as quick as that they may possibly be also relatively as quick in jerking the gun. Both actions are the result of the same nerves and muscles obeying the same brain, and it is probable that when one would be slow, the other also would be so. That, however, is just one of those cases in which it is quite impossible for one shooter to judge for another. All that I am able to say about it is that it answers in my own shooting, however much I vary from day to day, so that when my right index finger is slow my left arm is slow also, and the pace of the jerk corresponds with the pace of the pull of the trigger. But if it were intended to stop the gun when it was jerked forward enough, and not to stop the finger when the hammer had fallen, I believe that the pace of the two would vary, and one would be no guide for the other. It strikes me as a good illustration of my last week's argument (about the impossibility of a dead stop being suddenly put on to a quick jerk) that if this dead stop is attempted by the trigger finger on the trigger itself, it is found to be impossible. The trigger finger cannot be relaxed the instant it has let off the hammer, but invariably goes back to the full play of the trigger.

Having then negatived, by “swing” (not “jerk” or “toss”), all questions of allowance for everything except the lapse of time between the shot at the muzzle and at the game, it is necessary for those who attempt allowance by mental measurements of space to know how much to allow in front of their

game. Of course I remember that it has already been asserted that no one man can see for another, and that the variations of estimates of shooters who are successful are between nothing and many feet. But after all, those who allow nothing must either shoot wrongly or see wrongly, because the speed of game birds and shot are both known near enough to make it absolutely certain that there must be allowance of space in front of fast driven game. Before, however, attempting to describe what this should be for various game birds, in differing circumstances, it is necessary to know the utmost variation of allowance that the spread of the shot will permit. Sir Ralph Gallwey, in his “Letters to Young Shooters,” suggests that this difference can be nearly as great as the spread of the shot on the target. That is to say, that a pheasant would be unsafe if the gun were aimed anywhere within 15 in. of the bird; or, rather, if the centre of the circle of shot were within 15 in. of the bird. This estimate, however, is based on a curious neglect to consider the longitudinal spread of the shot and only concerns itself with the lateral spread. The latter is not nearly as great as the former, and when considering the possibilities of success in a bad aim, or rather in bad allowance in front, the longitudinal spread of the shot is everything, or at least many times more important than the lateral spread, that which is represented by the diagram on the target. Years ago the late Mr. Dougill published in his book what he imagined to be the form in which the shot went up to the game. This was egg-shaped, but it did not even suggest the true elongation of the pattern between the muzzle and the game. Later on Mr. Griffith of the Schultze Powder Company actually measured this spread of shot from two choke bores and a cylinder gun. He found that whereas one of the choke bores spread its charge to 3 yds. at 40 yds. range, the cylinder spread its charge to 4 yds.; that the lay of the last batch of pellets after the first batch was .049 of a second at 40 yds. With the cylinder gun that is roughly 5-100ths of a second. If we take a bird going at forty miles an hour he would travel 3 ft. while this column of shot was passing his line of flight. So that if the aim was 3 ft. too much in front of his head, the last pellet might strike it as he flew into the course of the shot. An exactly properly timed shot would have given just 3 ft. less allowance, so that the head of the pheasant would have entered the top, or quickest end, of the column of shot, with 3 ft. to pass through it, while the lagging pellets came up 4 yds. But this is not the total difference possible, for the spread laterally of the cylinder pattern is 3 ft. at 40 yds., and as long as the body of the pheasant was within that 3 ft. when the fastest pellets came up there would be considerable chance of a kill. As the body of a pheasant is about 1 ft. in length, that leaves 2 ft. to add to the previous 3 ft.; so that it is not only possible to kill by an aim 3 ft. too much in front, but it is equally possible to kill by an aim 2 ft. behind the proper point, or a difference of 5 ft. for a bird going forty miles an hour.

If there is any wind, however, your pheasant can as easily travel at eighty miles an hour as at forty. In fact he does not seem able to help it, in a wind, and what I particularly want to point out is how it happens that the forward aim always tells the most, especially with very fast game crossing the shooter. It is, of course, partly because the right place to aim is more forward for the fast bird, but it is also because the wrong place to aim may vary double as much for the fast bird as for the slow one. Thus, while the passage of the column of shot in front of the bird occupies the same time for both, the eighty-miles-an-hour bird will reach it before it has passed if the aim was 6 ft. too much in front of him, whereas the slower bird can only reach it if it was 3 ft. too much in front of him. The same distance too far behind for accuracy, may still kill the fast as the slow bird that is 2 ft. wrong; so that it works out that there is a possible variation in the aim of no less than 7 ft. for a quick bird; and, of course, much more at greater distances than 40 yds.; less at shorter ranges.

A forty-miles-an-hour bird travels about 8 ft. while the shot is going the range of 40 yds.; so that without wind it is just possible to kill by aiming at the beak of game, as the shot leaves the muzzle, without any allowance in front. In practice “possible” is still the word for it, certainly not “probable.” It would never do to rely upon this possibility, for the moment there was a wind and the pace was increased the point blank aim would have no chance whatever, and the 8 ft. behind the right place which might have hit a slow bird will be 16 ft. behind the quick one, or the eighty-miles-an-hour bird.

That eighty miles an hour is none too much to put the pace of a grouse at when there is a pretty fair wind I am convinced. Sir Ralph Gallwey records the measured time taken of some teal when going against the wind on one occasion as 150 miles an hour. In another place in his “Letters to Young Shooters,” Sir Ralph says that the pace of various birds does not differ very much. But that is not the case. No grouse can do very much more than crawl against the wind, and although teal and snipe can fly against the wind apparently as well as they can with it, most game birds—even those that travel almost like cannon balls down wind—cannot go up wind at any pace. No one knows this better than Sir Ralph, so that it is, I suppose, another instance of a misleading slip of the pen. Perhaps the pace of grouse against a fair wind would not exceed twenty miles an hour, and it might be anything under that until the wind fairly beats them and they stand still in the air and have to swerve off, and go with the wind against their evident intention. Nothing is so fertile a cause of missing as the extraordinary changes of pace of grouse according as the drive may serve them or not. A grouse that looks to be taking it easy is certain to be going fast, and this is so with most game birds. When they sail by with motionless wings they have got the pace on, but up wind they always look to be flying faster than they are because of their constant wing vibrations.

All the illustrations in books and newspapers having for their object the indication of the right place to shoot in front of game possess the same fault. Perhaps I should say “nearly all,” for there are a few exceptions. The fault is that a man and a bird are drawn together, and a spot in front of the bird is indicated where that man should shoot. What the reader wants to know is not where another fellow should shoot, but where he himself should aim, and it appears to me that it is just as impossible to learn to shoot by watching another performer at a distance as it is to learn where to aim at a bird by observing where an illustrated shooter points his gun. A bird must appear very differently to the man out of the picture looking at it from an angle impossible to the man in the picture, than it is intended to suggest that it should appear to the latter,



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SPRING-TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who is doing the shooting. For instance, a bird is represented going straight away from the pictorial shooter, whose line of aim is very rightly just above the back of the bird, but to the spectator the bird is crossing, and consequently an object to shoot in front of, to right or left, as the case may be. What is right

for the shooter in the picture is wrong for the would-be learner out of it, and if there is any advantage in illustrating the game it is to show how it looks to the spectator, and where he should shoot from a position facing the centre of the picture.

ARGUS OLIVE.



CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEREIN A PROPHECY OF SCRIPTURE IS FULFILLED.

PADRE QUIJAS hugged me to his broad breast as I fell rather than dismounted from the horse that Courtenay and the Yaqui had brought me. Even the old don kissed my cheek, foaming at the mouth with impotent rage when he realised that his daughter was in the hands of a devil so pitiless. He swore that he would find no peace here or hereafter till he had slit the throat of his enemy, but I told him curtly that he would have to be content with my leavings, for I reserved to myself the pleasure of speeding this fiend to hell. Indeed, I was feverish with the lust of revenge, yet feeling in all my bones and sinews the most terrible weakness, so that I almost lacked strength to eat the good meal they cooked for me. All of us were in black mood, and Courtenay, cursing the delay, beseeched Quijas to take the trail at once. The friar refused to court destruction, and I never saw a countenance of a bluer complexion. 'Twas very plain that he, a Catholic priest, lacked John Charity's faith in modern miracles. He quoted the old proverb, "*festina lente*," saying that our horses would travel the faster after proper food and rest; and he promised to take the road in the morning whether the soldiers came or not. I fell asleep towards midnight, and was wakened about five by a great noise outside. 'Twas Mark Jaynes, a lieutenant from the presidio, and some eight soldiers well armed.

And now began a windy talk that drove Courtenay and me distracted, for the lieutenant, a somewhat pompous fellow, refused to push on, when every minute of delay threatened two fair women with death or dishonour. Finally, Quijas constrained him to do as we wished, observing that a cold trail was as hard to follow as his (the lieutenant's) arguments. I was horribly stiff and sore, but able to sit upright in my comfortable saddle, and so, about nine, we mounted and set forth at a whipping pace. Afterwards when we had passed the place where I had suffered such dreadful torment, the trail turned sharply to the right towards the Mount Diablo Range; and, riding along a narrow path on which a herd of elk had wiped out the hoofmarks of Castañeda's horses, we were compelled to draw rein lest we might overrun our scent. About noon we passed the band of elk (not moose but wapiti). There were thousands of them peacefully grazing upon a plateau knee-deep in bunch grass. Indeed, the whole country was swarming with game—antelope, black-tail deer, bears, and quail by the million. It came in upon my mind as we rode up and up into a purer æther that a fairer paradise never lay beneath the eyes of men. Only in my dreams had I wandered in such enchanted groves and glades. But here they lay, silent and secluded: the haunt of wild man and wild beast. For centuries these had had undisputed possession. Now their reign was at an end.

Riding with Quijas he spoke of the Indians.

"Castañeda," he began, abruptly, "has overlooked one thing—the treachery of these Indians. Had he treated them with even ordinary kindness, he might well hesitate before placing himself, as he has done, in their hands, now—"

My revenge seemed to be slipping from me.

"What! You think they will kill him?"

"I fear it. And then—"

"My God! The women in the hands of those Notontos!"

Quijas nodded and spurred on faster. Not six months before some girls had been abducted by a band of Talches from Tulare Lake, and, despite hot pursuit, had not been found alive. My gorge rose as I recalled the details of their fate. Just then old Mark joined us. His stout figure astride a lean sorrel gelding would have moved us at any other time to inextinguishable laughter. He had his cutlass at his side, and the

butts of two pistols embellished the wide belt that encircled his paunch. Already he hung out signals of distress, for he was saddle-worn and weary; yet he bespoke us cheerily, as became a bold buccaneer who had fought with Nelson.

"We're making good leeway. Tell me, Jack, has not this cursed saddle a list to port?"

I assured him that the saddle was cinched right and tight, but he shook his head, holding manfully on to the horn. Then I gave my trouble words.

"Pooh, pooh, my lad. Don't I know these Indios. A pack o' coyotes! Treacherous? Yes, yes. But the Mexican has his half-breeds. We'll overhaul them soon."

None the less, I felt in every fibre of my being a presentiment that Castañeda would be hoist with his own petard. I recalled the peculiar expression upon the faces of the Notontos, the glitter in their beady eyes, the compression of their coarse lips.

We rode on throughout that day over a rough but most beautiful country, well-watered, and covered with feathery bunch-grass, sweet burr-clover, and luscious alfileria. We passed two rancherias of Indians, but they paid no attention to us, and we paid as much to them. The trail was growing hotter; but how hot it was like to become before many hours had passed none of us guessed. More than once we were thrown off the scent, but the size of the party barred ordinary stratagems, and we divined that Castañeda was trusting to his start and the speed of his horses. Towards nightfall we called a halt, being spent with fatigue and anxiety. Our camping-ground was a potrero, or meadow, which lay high up in the hills, surrounded on all sides by thickets of manzanita and sage-brush, inflammable stuff at all seasons, but tinder itself in the fall of the year. It chanced that that hateful north wind, the tramontana of California, was blowing fiercely. Since noon it had plagued man and beast, inflaming noses, throats, and eyes, till we were nigh blind and hoarse from its ravages. Now all winds on the Pacific slope, save this scurvy Boreas, die down at sunset, so we prepared to suffer as little as might be by choosing a refuge well sheltered from the blast. After a supper of venison and tortillas (pancakes) we lay down, and in five seconds I was in dreamland, pursuing Magdalena through the pleasant valley of Itchen, pelting the maid with cowslip balls, while she threw roguish glances and light laughter in return. But run as I might, I could not catch the witch, till at length she bolted into my mother's garden, where, amidst the fragrance of lilac and such sweet spring-blooming plants, I lost her. The dream was of doubtful omen; but, waking, fact put fancy to rout, for I opened drowsy eyes to find Quijas violently shaking my shoulder, and to see the north-eastern horizon aflame with light. I thought at first 'twas the Aurora Borealis, but Quijas said, hoarsely, that the country had been fired, and that the flames, scourged by the north wind, were leaping toward us faster than a horse could gallop. Even as he spoke, and as I staggered to my feet, the Yaqui shouted that we must saddle and ride for our lives down the steep trail we had ascended that afternoon. 'Twas evident that the fire was the work of incendiaries, and only too well had they done their stint. We could hear the fierce, sibilant crackle of the burning grease-wood and the majestic roar of the pines. These trees, in this section of the country, are hoary with streamers of grey moss—bearded, as the Spanish say—and their boles are encrusted with dry lichens. So inflammable is this moss that if you but drop a spark at the base of one of these pines the whole tree will explode with the sound and flame of a gigantic sky-rocket. Now they were popping like minute-guns, while to the right and left the foothills were as an ocean of fire—a wonderful and beautiful spectacle could we have viewed it from some coign of vantage, but now inconceivably terrific and awe-inspiring. Indeed, the

old don fell straightway on his knees, and implored the Blessed Virgin to spare a brand not fit for the burning. Whereat Quijas laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and bade him see that his cinch was tight.

In a few minutes we were in full retreat; and we raced many a mile before we found sanctuary. The Indians, who annually burn off vast stretches of country for some inscrutable purpose of their own, seem to know by instinct or experience (even as the animals) where to find refuge from the devils they turn loose. This mysterious knowledge pertained to Procopio, who guided us to a thickly-wooded knoll, which the flames actually encircled and scorched, yet did not consume. From the summit of this we watched the battle. The flames advanced like irregular cavalry, charging and retreating, forming and reforming with incredible noise and fury. We stood huddled together, as you may see a bevy of quail at the approach of a hawk, and were quite assured that a miserable end was at hand. Then, having done all that mortals could, we knelt down, and Quijas, standing in our midst, supplicated the God of the elements to stay his hand. Above the hiss and bellow of those fiery squadrons we could hear his mellow tones, and old Mark (who had been a Methodist in his pious youth) interrupted him with groans and cries. As the priest pronounced the benediction, vagabond sparks fell in a golden shower all around us. And then—in less time than I have taken to set it down—the hosts of the fire-fiend withdrew, and we told ourselves in awed whispers that our prayers had been heard.

And now I have to describe an incident so truly amazing that, had it not been attested by many honest men still living, I had surely not dared to write it down, fearing to strain the credulity of stay-at-home readers ever suspicious of travellers'

tales. When dawn broke after that night of terror we rode down to the woods below, and these we found swarming with all kinds of wild beasts and birds. Scripture was fulfilled to the letter, for truce had been declared in the forest. Not only did the panther inspire no terror in the doe, but no terror did we inspire in either. I marked elk, deer, antelope, panthers, bears (both brown and grizzly), lynx, wild-cats, racoons, coyotes, and many others. They gazed at us unconcernedly, as if well assured that we, too, would respect the law of sanctuary. Courtenay whispered to me that such peace might reign for ever when the whole world had been purged and purified by flame.

But, when we broke cover and stood upon the smouldering ashes beyond the oasis, the spell was lifted. The animals followed us into the open, and as soon as they had passed the charmed circle they ran or slinked away, seemingly regaining the terrors together with the freedom of the wilderness. And then Courtenay whispered again that liberty was no synonym of peace, that a universal truce must be bred by fear, that a world quit of strife would mean a world in bondage.

"Great peace have they that love the law," I quoted, having once learned by heart the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.

"Yes," said my foster-brother, "the peace of them that only fear the law is small, and short lived."

We rode back over the country traversed the day before. The face of the landscape was indescribably desolate and forlorn. Most of the pines were still standing, appraising, as it were, their loss—what had been a fair and fertile champaign was now a charnel-house.

Without speaking we spurred on across a Dead Sea of ashes, and reached the further shore.

(To be continued.)



AT THE THEATRE

THE production of "Rip van Winkle" at Her Majesty's Theatre is a personal triumph for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. "Rip van Winkle" must always be a "one-part" play; on the success or failure of the representative of its central figure it must succeed or fail. Happily, it will

succeed at Her Majesty's, for Mr. Tree is a delightful Rip. We thought he would be; he is cut out for the part. His sense of character, his quickness of perception, his personality, his voice fit him for the part. And he did not disappoint us. He amused and charmed us. In all the many phases of the character he was pleasing: in some of them he was great. We need not compare, even if we could, his performance with that of the world-famous Jefferson; it can be judged on its merits. No doubt Jefferson gave to the part touches no one can equal. We will take that for granted. Sufficient it is that a representative English actor has played it to admiration.

In the early stages of the piece Mr. Tree was least satisfactory; but even here, if he did not convince, he pleased. If his tipsy roystering, his bucolic attributes did not seem real, but assumed for the purposes of the drama, they were yet artistic, interesting, charming. They were more graceful than realistic; the buoyancy sometimes did not ring true. But they were clever always; and even here, every now and then, there were those flashes of observation, of intuitive feeling, which Mr. Tree never lacks. But with the first act cavil ceases. After this the actor carried us away with him.

Directly the atmosphere became weird and gruesome, Mr. Tree was in his element. We shall not readily forget the picture of the figure on the mountains, his eyes starting from his head, his attempts at devil-may-careism, while his knees tremble and his voice shrieks with fright. The hysterical anguish of the hunted creature made us forget we were seeing impossible things; a mere fairy tale. Rip among the demons, the ghosts of the pirate crew of Hendrik Hudson, crouching from them, touching

them and feeling nothing, his Dutch courage masking his abject terror, will linger in the memory for many a day.

Quietly pathetic, sadly appealing is Rip the awakened; the lone old man, the jest and mock of all who see him; craving for the love of the wife and daughter he thinks he left but yesternight. The gaunt, white-faced, and hairy being wandering, lost, amid the scenes he thinks have changed so wondrously in a few short hours, strikes the imagination and holds it. The meeting with those he loves and his joy in it are beautifully portrayed. No tenderer thing could be imagined. This Rip will be an irresistible attraction to the playgoer or we are very much mistaken. For him alone the theatre will be filled.

But there is much else to admire in "Rip van Winkle," at Her Majesty's. It is admirably cast, as are all the productions under this management. Miss Lily Hanbury surprised us with the force of her stately Gretchen. The vigour she gave to the part is just what it demands but hardly what we expected from her. There was tenderness and pathos, too, when such were necessary. Mr. Franklin McLeay's Derrick Beekman was, like everything attempted by this versatile and earnest actor, full of thought and imagination. Mr. McLeay completely disguised himself; he acted with the power, the incisiveness we always expect from him. There was no "toning down" this character. The actor knew that what was required from him was a foil to the sunny Rip, and that foil he provided. Mr. Stevens, as Vedder, the innkeeper; Mr. Fisher White, as the Dwarf; Miss Lettice Fairfax, as Meenie; Mr. Gerald Lawrence, as Hendrik Vedder; Mr. Fred Tiden, as Jan Beekman, were always in the picture, always pleasing and interesting. Two little children, Master Harold de Becker and Miss Georgie Fryer made us cease to dislike, "for this occasion only," the stage child.

The piece has been very carefully rewritten for Her Majesty's, the language having been chastened and polished. Some minor alterations, too, have been made, and the subordinate characters, in some instances, improved. It is a Dutch,



not a German, "Rip van Winkle," Mr. Tree's reading of the character of the hero necessitating the change. It has much to be urged for it on the score of historical accuracy, and nothing against it artistically.

Mr. Fred Storey, who has painted the scenery, deserves much credit: the scenes on the Kaatskills are very weird and ghostly. Allied to the imaginative stage-management, the eerie demons, rising everywhere from nowhere, are certainly thrilling. The thunder and lightning are terrific. Nor must Mr. Roze's admirably illustrative and melodious music be forgotten in gauging the general effect.

AT the Royalty Theatre "The Fantasticks" possessed of course a literary and dramatic interest of an uncommon degree. Not only was it the work of the most famous dramatist of the century, M. Rostand, but it was "done into English" by an English lady who has quite a literary fame of her own, "George Fleming." It had yet another point of attraction, for one of the very foremost of our actresses, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was playing the principal character. No wonder the now-fashionable little Royalty Theatre was filled to overflowing.

It is useless to say we were not disappointed—disappointed with M. Rostand, with "George Fleming," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The play was not a play, but a simple story set out in dialogue; the translation was only good intermittently; Mrs. Campbell showed that she is not at her best in romance. There was not a glimpse of real passion or emotion in the work; it was merely a little fantasy with a strong dash of none too trenchant satire at the expense of the drama of sword and feather. In the French it possessed much of the beauty for which M. Rostand may always be relied upon, long speeches of imagery and music. In the English-rhymed couplets there was some excellent writing and a good deal of mediocrity. Mrs. Campbell playing the part of a boy was of course an interesting figure; her performance had the charm and individuality possessed by all her work; but she did not suggest masculinity, which was her own fault, and she had no chance of really moving us, which was the fault of the authors.

There is a good deal of humour in the idea, which is an inversion of the story of "Romeo and Juliet," to which M. Rostand himself draws attention by quoting from Shakespeare. The two young lovers exchange vows over the garden wall, their passion having all the zest of secrecy and danger. For they believe their parents to be deadly enemies, an idea which the two old schemers foster by every means in their power. As a matter of fact they are close friends, whose dearest wish is for their children to marry and their estates to be joined. But they are fearful that if the two young people were aware of their desires it would naturally take away their strongest incentive to fall in with their fathers' plans. To expedite matters they arrange with a magnificent bravo to attempt an abduction of the pretty Sylvette, in order that the gallant Percinet may rescue her in the nick of time. Then they will bury their feud, swear amity, and bless their children. The dividing wall between the parks is pulled down.

It falls out as they have arranged, and Percinet and Sylvette are betrothed. But now that the secrecy has departed the romance is gone, and the boy and girl find that their love affairs have lost their savour. So a coolness springs up. Then the real state of things leaks out—the mock feud, even the little matter of the abduction. This nips in the bud the passion of Percinet and Sylvette. He longs to go out into the world to discover what real love is; she is consumed with a desire for a more unconventional affair of the heart. The two old men begin really to quarrel through the failure of their scheme—a quarrel beginning over the bravo's little bill. Percinet goes away; Sylvette pines for an Unknown; the wall is built up again.

In the end, of course, Percinet comes back with a ragged coat and a seared heart, to find the arms of Sylvette, all her illusions gone, warm to clasp him. She has found out the emptiness of gay cavaliers, through the agency of our friend the bravo, who, in disguise as a bricklayer, has made fierce love to her,

purposely in such manner to frighten and chasten her. The lovers are reconciled, the fathers make up their quarrel, the wall will be razed again. It is all very delicate and fragile and pretty—but it is not drama. The air of unreality is added to by the rhymed couplets—such a method of expression has to be exceedingly good if it is not to sound like jingle. If it be very good it is just the thing, and aids the illusion. "George Fleming" has done very well, but not always quite well enough. The mock heroics of the brigand in the long speech setting out seriatim the prices of abductions of all styles and degrees is, perhaps, her happiest effort.

Mrs. Campbell assumed a deep voice and a boyish swagger, but never made us forget it was a woman in knee-breeches; but her fascinating personality pleased and attracted. Miss Winifred Fraser, as Sylvette, cannot speak verse, but she was a pretty and engaging heroine. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier made the swash-buckler absurdly highly coloured and flavoured, a burlesque of the D'Artagnan hero, which was just what the character required. Mr. George Arliss played one of the fathers in an excellent old comedy spirit; Mr. Garden, as the other father, did not catch the tone so well.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE," the American farcical comedy by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, has not duplicated its Transatlantic success at the Strand Theatre. Its popularity over there was due in large measure, no doubt, to the charm and the vogue of Miss Annie Russell, who enacted the principal character, but it is doubtful if, even with the advantage of her presence in the piece here, it would prove to the taste of our playgoers. It is thin—too thin; it is slow—very slow. It is also very vague and shadowy. There is no "grip" in it. Mr. James Welch, admirable artist that he is, makes one character, a small part, stand out splendidly; the authoress, too, has, as they say in her country, "spread" herself in developing this character. Mr. Welch makes it delightful. Miss Nina Boucicault, ever charming, Miss Carrie Cronyn, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Stuart Champion, and the rest do as well as possible. Bright and pretty Miss Mabel Love makes an attractive figure in the pleasant first-piece, "Miss Cinderella," by Miss Gertrude Warden. PHŒBUS.

Piscator from a Yacht.—I.

AT one time, when I had the honour to see a good deal of Professor Fleg and the Burscoughs, they were renting a shooting in Skye, of which I have given some account elsewhere. The shooting itself lay on either side of a big sea loch, with the lodge at head of the loch, into which a little burn discharged itself. Now and again, in time of spate, the sea trout would climb a little way up it, and there was good sport. But it was not of a size for big things to come into or out of it, and for most of our fishing we had to travel. When you are planted on an island at the head of a sea loch it is reasonable—it is almost inevitable—that most of your travelling should be done by water. There is, on the island of Skye itself, but one appreciable river, the Skeabost. The SLIGACHAN BURN is of fishable size, but never a salmon ascends it. The Skeabost is a river that holds



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THE SLIGACHAN BURN.

Dundee.

salmon, but it is a river that sadly disappoints all one's proper anticipations of what a Highland river ought to be, seeing that by virtue of the sluggish placidity of its flow it has been likened, not inappropriately, to the Regent's Park Canal. In consequence, though there be salmon in the river, they obstinately remain, and can hardly be persuaded to mistake your fly for anything edible until the sluggish waters are lashed by a furious



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OBAN.

storm, which is as much as to say that unless the day be altogether abominable you have but the most distant prospect of pulling a salmon out of the disappointing Skeabost. The fact, therefore, of this river traversing the island does not affect the proposition that for most of our fishing we had to go by sea.

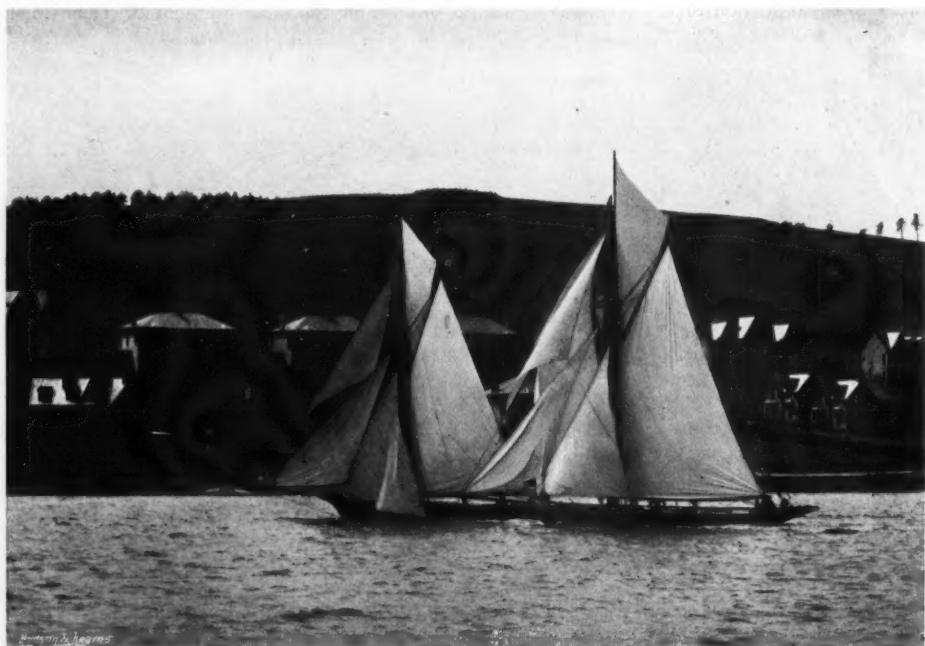
Luckily, we had the command of the sea, with all its concurrent advantages, for we had a yacht, of no less than 20 tons burden, with which we could fearlessly brave the often vexed waters of the Minch. To say that Professor Fleg was a good sailor would be going a little beyond the truth; to say that he was a keen sailor is to do no sort of justice to his enthusiasm for the sea, for ships, and for all things maritime. He was no less keen as an angler, and it was mainly in pursuit of his visions of gigantic fish that we took those cruises to distant fishing grounds, or waters, which I will speak of briefly here in the hope of indicating to others who may be yachting, with a mind to angle, on Scotland's beautiful west coast, where they may expect to angle with as little disappointment as the fisher must inevitably look for. There is no portion of the globe so beautiful for yachting as the west coast of Scotland, no matter what distant scenes you choose to bring into the comparison. It is all beautiful. You cannot go amiss. Unfortunately, the "wet" coast is no less apt a description of it than the "west," but this humidity, enjoyed by the natives, is a condition that quickly ceases to give you any sense of trouble.

As a first stage, it pleased Mr. Fleg, who invariably carried every point by his urbanity, to sail us southward to the Isle of Arran. In OBAN, that Piccadilly of the yachtsman, we fell in with a consort who might have been our twin, and with her sailed south IN COMPANY. Arriving at Arran, Mr. Fleg permitted us to lie at anchor awhile in the beautiful bay. Thence, overlooked by Brodick Castle, we made sundry expeditions, by water some, by land the others. On the island itself the fishing is of the poorest. There is not even an equivalent of our despised Skeabost. But there is a burn in the north of the island far bigger than our home burn beside the lodge up which the sea

trout ran, great big and good fellows; but it is in the strict keeping of His Grace of Hamilton, not to be approached of the common herd of yachtsmen. On the west side is another burn, to which a like account applies. But the sea-fishing—it was on a scale that beats credence, and requires courage for the narration. Let me say at once that it happened to us once, and once only, on such a scale. Many tides we laid our long line, but only on

a single tide did we catch anything that approached the take of that glorious once. A storm had raged for twenty-four hours previously, so that, as it played shuttlecock with us in and out of our berths as we lay in Brodick Bay, we thought with regret of *terra firma*, and the Skeabost now lashed into deceptive waves. When the storm had somewhat abated we rowed round and put our long line just inside the narrows between Holy Island and the main of Arran. The haul-in of that long line was an affair of ejaculation, of exultation, of the profoundest emotion that the long-line angler can be expected to endure, of some physical effort, and no little element of danger. There were lythe and there were saithe, tremendous fellows, long and lean, brown above and white beneath, and of the same colouring but longer, leaner, and heaven knows how many times more tremendous; there were congers of huge

size. One or two of 3ft. and 4ft. were lugged inboard and battered on the head. Luckily, we had a big boat, for had we tried this business with the yacht's dinghy we had infallibly gone under. So far it was well, but now, with a great shout from the boatman, came over the gunwale an immense vicious head that struck me as about the size of a Shetland pony's head, but sleek and shining. "Don't haul him in, kill him first," was the cry, and the great head, laid on the gunwale for a block, was executed with clubs, and the big body, still with some quivering flickers of unconscious life, pulled inboard to our amazed eyes. This one, as it proved, measured a neat 6ft. But there was more to follow. As the hauler-in



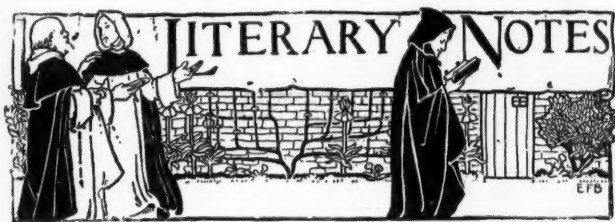
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IN COMPANY.

Aberdeen.

came with the line, now with a shining cod, now with a saithe, now a lythe, scarcely a hook without its victim. "Here's a bigger one still," he said, no longer able to shout out, but hissing it through clenched teeth with all the breath he had left him; for this hauling-in of a line so laden is no light work. "It's the great sea-serpent himself I do believe!" But he came in, with a bigger effort than any before, a bigger head of a Sheltie even

than the other blocked upon the gunwale and there done to death—an immense serpent. He was 8ft. long this fellow, and thick at that, the biggest that any of the boatmen had ever seen, the biggest that any inhabitant of Lamlash had ever seen. After that I should not have been greatly astonished had the sea-kraken of Norse legend himself come up on our long line. But we had nothing to beat the 8ft. conger, nor even to compare with him, except the former 6-footer. We dared not trust ourselves on the still troublous sea outside with such a cargo, and landed all at Lamlash, where the great eels, hung side by side, afforded not much less than a nine days' wonder to the visitors and crofters.



MY table is literally deluged with books about the war, and with these, in the absence of any literary news of importance, I proceed to deal as shortly as may be. Frankly, I like the ones with pictures best, especially the pictorial history of South Africa and the Transvaal, entitled "With Roberts to the Transvaal," edited by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N., of which the pictures are excellent. Commander Robinson has secured the services of some first-rate writers, including Captain Owen Wheeler, Mr. David Hannay, and Mr. John Leyland; and the portraits and pictures, all from photographs, are quite excellent. "The Transvaal War Album," edited by the same gentleman, is upon a somewhat larger scale, and a large number of the portraits are quite worthy to be framed. Many, too, of the regimental groups are very interesting. Both these handsome volumes are issued by George Newnes, Limited.

From these two copiously illustrated books, I pass on to the three best histories of the period of the siege of Ladysmith which have yet appeared. They are, firstly, Mr. Winston Churchill's "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" (Longman) which it had been my intention to review at length, had not other books—not, indeed, more important but more pressing—occupied all the space that was available. It is a fine and spirited piece of work, containing some excellent descriptive passages. But perhaps the most interesting feature in it is the unconscious sketch of the writer's personality. Courageous, impressionable, full of spirit, and perhaps a trifle overfull of self-confidence, he will go far.

Mr. H. W. Nevinson's "Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege" (Methuen) is the book of an ardent but not infatuated pro-Boer, and it is quite worth reading as a piece of workmanship. Perhaps I may be permitted to add that I knew Mr. Nevinson well; and liked him very much, when he was a gentle undergraduate of somewhat dreamy tendencies, who played the fiddle. We never agreed upon any subject in heaven or earth. If Nevinson took one side of a question, almost everybody instinctively took the other. If, on the other hand, all men were agreed upon a given question, Nevinson, by sheer instinct, took the opposite view. But nobody liked him any the worse, and everybody who knew him liked him very much. In fact his book and his pro-Boer attitude are simply himself.

Last, comes the book of Mr. H. H. S. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, published by Macmillan, which is far more novel than any of the others. Only a few of Mr. Pearse's letters succeeded in running the gauntlet out of Ladysmith. Native runners were captured or went astray, the blue pencil of the censor wrought havoc, and the consequence is that many of these letters have never been published before. They give a very vivid picture of the life in Ladysmith during the siege. They are excellent in point of style; they are, perhaps, more instinct with military knowledge than the letters of any correspondent at the front except Colonel Rhodes. Take them for all in all I find them far the most readable of any letters that have come out of Ladysmith, but that perhaps may be because I know Pearse well, because he befriended me when I was a young journalist, because I hear his sonorous voice in every period, and because I know how real was the anxiety he felt when, penned up in Ladysmith, he learned that first one strong son and then another had enlisted in the Imperial Light Horse.

There was a little incident at Epsom which has a slight literary savour. My good friend J. Bloundelle Burton, writer of robust and wholesome novels, went to Epsom for the thirty-first time to see the Derby. Desiring to have a modest wager, he backed Simon Dale, simply and solely because that was the title of one of Mr. Anthony Hope's novels, to win and for a place. And there is another little Derby coincidence in connection with Mr. Burton which may be quoted. Many years ago he wrote a novel called "His Own Enemy," of which a horse called Flying Fox was the hero. When Flying Fox of 1899 was in all men's mouths, Mr. Burton wrote a letter to the late Duke of Westminster, and in that letter he pointed out the coincidence. He was much gratified at receiving a courteous letter from the Duke, in which it was gratefully admitted that the name being suitable—Flying Fox is by Orme out of Vampire—it had been practically adopted from the novel.

I observe that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, that is to say, Mr. "Anthony Hope," has written a cogent letter to the *Times* touching Mr. Murray's complaint that the tax of a free copy to four libraries outside the British Museum is antiquated and excessive. Mr. Hawkins makes out a strong case. The original stipulation was that every book must go to the British Museum, and might be asked for by the other favoured libraries if they wanted it. From that the position has changed. The other libraries have appointed a joint agent, who makes a point, no doubt under instructions, of asking for every book; and that, of course, is a very different matter. In the matter of giving the Museum authorities power to dispose of or destroy documents which they regard as useless, Mr. Hawkins and the Authors' Society range themselves on the side of Mr. Sidney Lee and not on that of the authorities of the Museum. One is sorry that, for purely practical reasons, it is difficult to agree with them.

Mr. Murray, it is announced, is going to devote his attention more to novels than heretofore, and that is good hearing for the frankly frivolous person like

myself. His novels will be issued at a uniform price of 2s. 6d., which is a new departure. We have had the 30s. novel in three volumes, the 6s. novel, which costs 4s. 6d., the 2s. novel—the good old "yellow-back" with a picture on the cover—the "shilling shocker," and the "sixpenny," to say nothing of the "penny dreadful." The 2s. 6d. novel is a novelty, and I wish it well.

A good many people will await with interest Mr. Walter Winans's book on revolver shooting, which is to be brought out by Messrs. Putnam. They may not, perhaps, welcome one of his premises, which is, that if Englishmen devoted more time to rifle and revolver practice and less to "useless games" we should be a more formidable nation than we are. After all, the useless games make "hard Englishmen" no less surely than the wild North-Easter. But they will all want to read what Mr. Walter Winans has to say about the revolver. His fame has, perhaps, been exaggerated a little. He was never the finest revolver shot in the world as long as Ira Payne lived, for Payne laughed at the old Wimbledon conditions, and would shoot at such ranges as 200yds. Moreover, shooting shoulder to shoulder, there are a good many British officers who would be as likely as not to beat Mr. Walter Winans. In fact, his huge expenditure at the ranges was largely accountable for his record scores. But his experience was, and is, very great; there is probably no man living who has discharged his revolver so often at a mark; and his performances, after all exaggeration has been allowed for, have been splendid. His words, therefore, should be well worthy of attention.

The first part of the "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" (Cassell) promises well, and it is of special interest at the present moment by reason of the introductory chapters on the domestic life of the Queen by that gifted woman, the late Mrs. Oliphant. Of these so far sixty-four pages have appeared, full of interest. And the illustrations are copious and interesting. Special facilities were, I believe, given to Mrs. Oliphant, and that certainly will be the impression gained from reading these chapters, so far as they go at present. The illustrations are, perhaps, not quite up to the modern standard in the matter of reproduction, but any work by Mrs. Oliphant is sure to command a large sale. And this work will certainly deserve one.

Books to order from the library:

- "John Ruskin." Mrs. Meynell. (Blackwood.)
- "Nude Souls." Benjamin Swift. (Heinemann.)
- "Bettina." May Crommelin. (Longman.)
- "Early Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Edited: G. J. Churton Collins. (Methuen.)
- "Oxford University College Histories, Christ Church." H. L. Thompson. (Robinson.)
- "The Footfall of Fate." Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (White.)

LOOKER-ON.



THE expectation that country polo would suffer by the war has not been fulfilled to any great extent. It is true, of course, that many players are absent, and that in Northern tournaments the soldiers' teams from York, Leeds, and Edinburgh are much missed. But there have been a good supply of recruits to the game. The fact that a new interest and reality has been given to Yeomanry and Militia work by the war has certainly increased the desire to join in a game which is known to have helped to train so many of the men who have made a name in the war. Baden-Powell, Maclaren, Mahon, Rimington, Airlie, and Winston Churchill are names as familiar to the lips of polo players as to the readers of newspapers. One sign of this feeling is that Eden Park (the station for which is Elmers End) has opened its gates again, with Mr. L. C. Bucknill as secretary, and Colonel Sanders Darley as polo manager. The club will be open for play on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays henceforward for the rest of the season. Our Foxhunters' team from Ranelagh has made short work of the Paris team, beating them by 10 goals to 1. As I have a correspondent in Paris I shall be able to tell more about the matches next week. But it tells rather hardly on the polo at home to have so many good players away during the best of the season. In the county clubs further afield—Middlewood, Hull, Cleveland, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Cirencester, and, of course, Warwickshire—all are in full course of play. The Liverpool club travelled all the way to Edinburgh to play their annual match. They were rewarded by winning. I gather, however, from the score that the Edinburgh team are not so strong as usual. Monday, May 28th, brought us fine weather, and with the two polo grounds at Hurlingham and Ranelagh in first-rate condition the polo was good at both clubs. Of these matches the closest contest was Derbyshire v. Mulgrave House, at Hurlingham. The county team was made up of Mr. Carter, Captain L. Jenner, Mr. Boden, and Lord Harrington, while Mulgrave House had Mr. J. C. Jameson, Mr. F. Darnell, Mr. Auberon Stourton, and Mr. T. B. Drybrough. It was some time before Mr. Drybrough settled down to that steady defence which has marked his play this season, and more than once the Derbyshire No. 2, Captain Jenner, slipped past him and scored; in fact, Derbyshire scored in the first period. As soon as Mr. Drybrough got into his form the game became more even, and the play was from one end of the ground to the other. There was good polo, but it was rather a slow game. This is apt to be the case when there are two very steady backs on opposite sides and a match becomes a duel between them. At half time the score was 3 to 1 in favour of Derbyshire.

After that time Mr. Drybrough's resolute defence and the superior weight of his team told, and by the end of the appointed time the scores were 3 all, and the match was drawn by agreement. At Ranelagh North v. South of England was the match of the day, and probably the best of the week. The Northerners were Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. C. D. Miller, and Sir Humphry de Trafford; the Southerners Mr. Baring, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Tresham Gilbey, and Mr. John Watson. There were, of course, some of the best ponies in this match, Lord Shrewsbury's Shooting Star, for example, Mr. Tresham Gilbey's Spinster, and Mr. John Watson's Irish chestnut. Mr. Jones's ponies are too well known to need comment. But when he and Mr. Tresham Gilbey are riding Little Fairy and Spinster respectively, it is probable that two of the very pleasantest polo mounts are to be seen. If any of my

readers have got a copy of the *Sporting Magazine* and will turn back to the very excellent plate of Newminster and then take a look at Little Fairy they will note the wonderful likeness of the little polo mare to the great race-horse whose descendant she is. With the ground in capital order and fast ponies it could not but be an interesting game. At the beginning the North were sharper on the ball, and began by a smart run down, until Mr. Watson had his chance of a back-hander. Mr. Gilbey wheeled on the ball as it came back and passed it forward, so that a moment later Mr. Freake was galloping for the goal, but at such a pace it is a very hard matter to get the ball in the right place for that final hit which crowns a brilliant gallop with a goal. The North men made the pace too hot, and the ball went behind. How good the game was may be gathered from the fact that it took three periods of galloping play on a quick ground for either side to make a goal. Then the chance fell to Mr. C. D. Miller, whose polo in Behar has not left him much to learn in England. The Northerners having, as it were, tasted blood, simply forced the goal twice again. Then, after some play in the middle and up and down the ground, Mr. Tresham Gilbey was seen coming down the ground clear of the other players, and hitting the ball. With a start of three lengths and a fast pony, he was able to hold his own and hit the ball. He had space and time for a clever stroke to ready the ball, and a clean hit was the result. Nothing succeeds like success, and the next two goals fell to the same side; Mr. Tresham

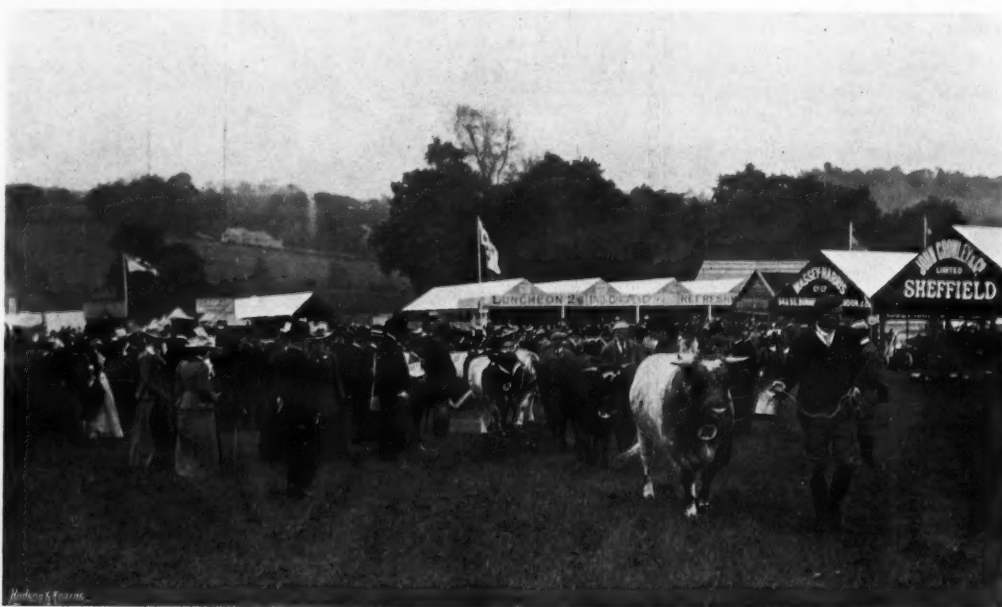
Gilbey making the second, and Mr. G. N. Baring (master of the Duhallow) the third after a fine run. So close and interesting was this match that we never noticed the time, and the final bell came as a surprise to the occupants of the stand. The score was even, but it was determined to play it off. The Northern side, however, made a goal almost at once.

Both the London Polo Club and Wimbledon had good matches last week, although of course Derby-tide is never a very good time for polo. By the way, the American horse made a strong bid for the race. His fortunes interested polo people, for Mr. Foxhall-Keene, whose father owns *Disguise II.*, and Mr. Lammer McCreery, who backed him, are both well-known polo players. Mr. McCreery, though American by birth, has become so identified with Mr. Buckmaster's old Cambridge team that we never think of him as a stranger. The Whitsuntide holidays oblige me to close these notes without referring to the two important pony shows at Liverpool and Ranelagh.

I have seen the reproduction of the Ranelagh polo picture. A portrait of Lord Shrewsbury has been added to the group. The engraving is good, and the picture is an interesting memorial of a great match, Pytchley v. Warwickshire, and, alas! of some leading polo players who are gone. Lord Ava, Jack Drybrough, and Captain Mackenzie are among the most characteristic portraits in the group, and their presence lends an added interest to a picture in which nearly every prominent polo man of the day is depicted.

BATH & WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW.

IN splendid weather that promised well for its success, the annual exhibition was opened on Thursday, May 30th, by Mr. Dickinson, the Mayor of Bath, who was welcomed by the Marquis of Bath, President of the Society. The fact that the Somersetshire Society had stopped its show to support the larger gathering probably accounted for the exceptionally high merits of the exhibition. One, and perhaps the most conspicuous feature of the show, was the success of the Prince of Wales—His Royal Highness being as irresistible in the cattle pens as he had been on the race-course. The merits of his shorthorns were as little to be questioned as those of Diamond Jubilee. He secured the championship with his two year old bull *Pride of Collynie*, a much admired animal. Stephanos, bred at Windsor, took first honours in the senior class. The Prince of Wales therefore won with both his exhibits. Mr. J. W. Hosken had the winning yearling bull, and his Countess of Oxford also carried off first for shorthorn cows. For heifers, the prizes were taken by Mr. L. de Rothschild, the Messrs. Warne, and Lord Tredegar. Herefords are usually good at the Bath Show, and this year the prizes for bulls were carried off by the Earl of Coventry, Mr. E. Farr, and Mr. A. E. Hughes. Mr. J. Tudge won in cows, and Mr. R. Green in heifers. In Sussex cattle the winners were Mr. Gaillard, Lord Derby, Major Best, and Mr. W. H.



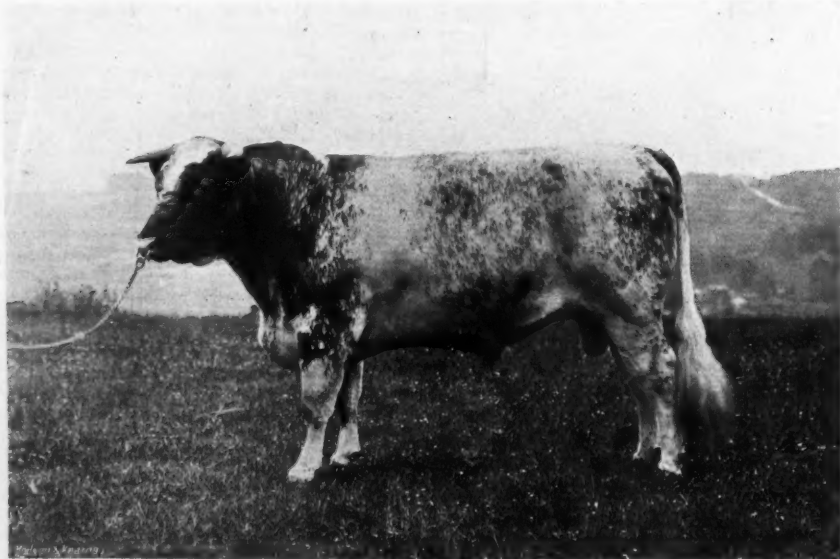
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IN THE SHOW YARD

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Hubble. Lord Amherst of Hackney very appropriately divided honours with Mr. J. E. Platt. Some very fine Jerseys were shown, the winners being the Hon. Mrs. Smith, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Rothschild, Mrs. McIntosh, and Mr. C. W. Armitage. In Guernseys the prize-winners were shown by Mr. W. H. Fowler, Mr. H. J. Gibbs, Mr. W. A. Glynn, and Mr. J. C. Forster. No one could touch Messrs. Robertson and Sons of La Mancha, County Dublin, for Kerries and Dexters. Both as regards number and quality the cattle entries were very satisfactory, and at least as good as any previous show of the

Bath and West of England. It is not an exhibition famed for horses, but in this respect did not fall below the average. In shire stallions Mr. Ransom's Hitchin Ringleader carried off first and the championship. The best two year old was Lord Llangattock's Hendre Champion, and a representative of the same family had a walk-over in the yearling class. The Shire Horse Society's gold medal was awarded to a beautiful yearling filly, Rickford Lass, belonging to Mr. W. H. Wills. Lord Rothschild's Dorothy Drew was the best two year old filly, and Mr. R. W. Hudson's Tatton Tapestry the best three year old. Hunters were a good lot, the gold medal of the Hunters' Improvement Society going to Stella, Mr. John Barker's handsome brood mare. Mr. J. H. Stokes's brown gelding, Bertram, was first among the light-weights, and received the award of being the best hunter ridden. Fleur-de-Lys, a stylish two year old, belonging to Mr. E. Dalgleish, took the medal for being the best filly. Among hackneys the most notable was Mr. Livesey's Orange Blossom, who deservedly carried off the female championship. In a not very large section the other winners were produced by Mr. E. S. Godsell, Mr. Livesey, and Captain E. M. Whitting.

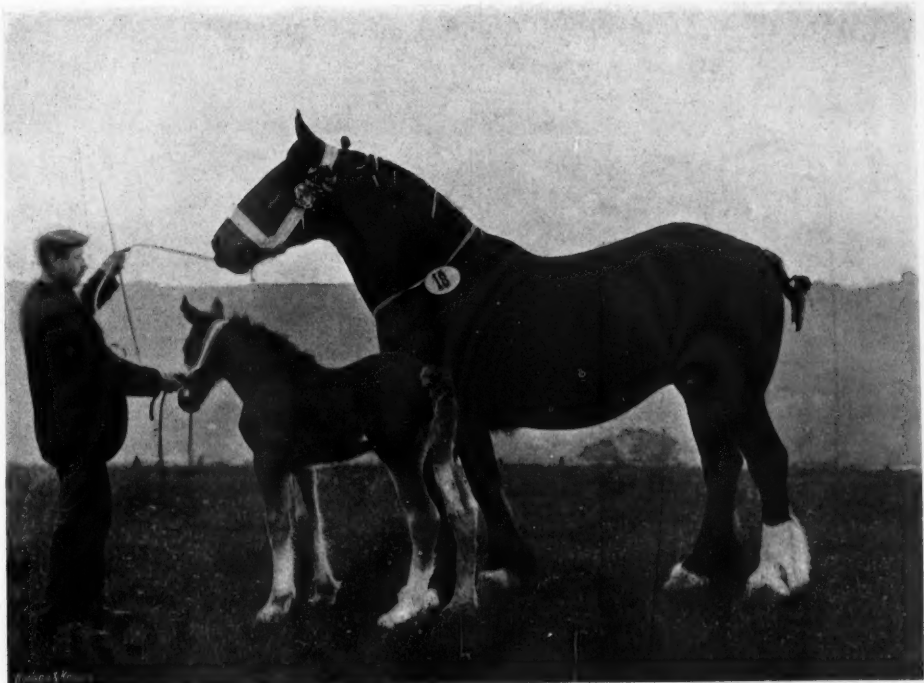


Copyright PRINCE OF WALES'S BULL, PRIDE OF COLLYNIE.

"C.L."

In a capital pig section Mr. R. Swanwich won the championship for Berkshire, and Sir Gilbert Greenall the gold medal for the best boar of any other breed with a middle white. Mr. D. W. Philip carried off the same award for sows with a Tamworth.

The good accomplished by the Bath and West of England Show is not, however, confined to the improvement of live stock. One was struck with the very large quantity of cider exhibited—a potent testimony to the manner in which this rural industry is supplanting some others. Probably the cider makers are nearly the only people who during the last few years have been drawing a satisfactory income, if not a fortune, from the land. Again, the interest taken in the working dairy, the butter-making contests, and the various lessons and demonstrations afforded further proof of the growing extent to which agriculturists are turning to the produce of the cow as a means of earning a livelihood. The expenses in connection with this branch of the show were partly met by a grant of the Somersetshire County Council. Many acres, too, were devoted to implements. For purposes of comparison it may be well to record the number of entries. They were: Horses, 224; cattle, 516; sheep, 141; pigs, 135; poultry, 349; produce, 364; total, 1,729. In addition there were 266 competitors in the butter-making, shoeing, and milking classes.



MR. W. H. GODDING'S SHIRE MARE SAVERNAKE VICTORIA AND FOAL.

FROM THE PAVILION

VARIOUS exigencies compel me to write these notes a week in advance, so that I am left either to deal with generalities or disseminate stale news. The former seems the more readable course, so I open by congratulating all cricketers on the departure of the month of May. It was W. S. Gilbert who discovered that "twenty-eight days was enough for such a beastly month as February," and I should like to see a large limitation put upon May, too, if these north and north-east winds, with a little treacherous sunshine thrown in, are to become perennial between April and June. Cricketers have not suffered very much as far as sport goes, for not only have big scores been frequent, but the bowling dog also has had more than one day; but I fancy that cold fingers are responsible in the form of dropped catches for some of the big scores, and that a little penetrating warmth would have been both comforting and useful to the bowlers' elbows and shoulders, to say nothing of the stiffness of limb, which will yield only to the soothing geniality of the Turkish bath. Hayward, however, will remember this May with pleasure, as by the end of the month he had run his aggregate of runs into four figures; as, however, 120 of these were secured in April, he has not quite cut W. G.'s figures, for the champion in 1895 made over 1,000 runs in May alone, his biggest figures being 288, 257, 169 and 103. It is not often that W. G.'s figures are beaten, indeed, if we go behind the figures and enquire into circumstances, it is fair to say that his best records have never been beaten, for everything has improved nowadays, and in the batsman's favour, except the bowling; grounds are better, bats are better, there are more matches, there are universal boundaries; but though there are plenty of good bowlers to be found, there are none who are superior to Shaw (J. C.), Shaw (A.), Morley, Peate, Freeman, Emmett, Southerton, and Hill, to say nothing of others. When one man arises who makes 1,000 runs in May, who makes some 3,000 runs in a year, who makes a double century on three occasions, who bowls as well as he bats, and who stands the racket of perpetual cricket for five-and-thirty years on end, then, and not till then, shall we begin to think of shifting the title of "champion." Yet there are, I am told, enthusiastic Australians who mention the name of Giffen in the same breath as that of Grace. Yet, as an Australian himself has said, "W. G. has forgotten more cricket than G. G. ever knew."

There is still an aroma of "Cricket Reform" in the air, but figures hardly call for alteration, inasmuch as of forty-three big matches completed by May 31st only eleven were drawn, about half of these being unfinished owing to stress of weather. I am glad to see an energetic paragraph from Lord Hawke's pen, pleading the cause of the batsman, who in ugly weather is hard put to it to defend his wicket at all. The only reform needed is a law directed against those who deliberately get in front of their wickets and protect them with their legs, making no attempt, or an obviously mock attempt at the best, to use the bat for the purpose for which art and nature designed it. Is the suggestion that follows feasible? Given that a batsman defends his wicket as described, let the umpire be empowered to give him out l.b.w., the umpire deciding whether the ball, wherever pitched, would have hit the wicket, and whether the batsman made a *bona fide* effort to use the bat as his first line of defence. This would at least prevent the senseless waggle which one batsman at least makes—does one "make," or do what? to a "waggle"—when he has deliberately walked in front of his wicket. Anyhow, these are the fellows we want to catch, not the man who, to make a genuine stroke, covers the wicket with his leg. The sacred ground which E. V. Bligh would assign to the bowler *must* be invaded by the batsman's leg when he tries to play a correct off-stroke to a break-back bowler, or leg-stroke to a leg-break bowler. It is not fair that stripes should fall on this man's back.

W. J. FORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAKE SANCTUARY AT WANSTEAD PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the account of the lake sanctuary at Wanstead Park, in your last week's issue, and particularly in the description of the heronry, which was stated to be the largest in England, and, I think, was said to contain between fifty and sixty nests. It may be of some interest to your readers to know that the heronry here contains 101 nests—so far as we can ascertain—this year, and over 90 per cent. of these are occupied. The heronry is in the park, about a mile from the house, and in a clump of very tall beech trees, so they are never disturbed. Though the Kentish Stour runs through the valley, quite close by, they seem to prefer to go away to the marshes, twenty miles away, for their food. At one time there was a contest between the herons and the rooks, but the herons won, and the rooks retired to another large beech clump about a quarter of a mile lower down in the park. The herons go away, with the exception of two or three solitary birds, every winter, returning early in February. Tradition has it that they always return on St. Valentine's Day. Certainly they are here a few days before or after that date, and on one 14th of February we ourselves saw a number of them arrive. I trust this will not trespass too much on your space.—CHARLES HARDY, Jun., Chilham Castle, Canterbury.

FALCONRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the trap referred to by "Peregrine," must be a Norwegian trap called the "slag-nät." Two very good drawings of this trap are in a book in my possession—"Game Birds and Wild Fowls of Sweden and Norway," page 265. L. Lloyd. The author says: "Another device for the capture of the hawk tribe is called the slag-nät, and has advantages, that it is but little expensive, and requires no other spring power beyond a twisted rope. It is made of stout twine, and attached to two half-circular hoops, connected together by the rope A B, and is fastened crosswise to C, a long and narrow slip of wood; distance it measures some 10ft. in length by 8ft. in breadth," etc. This trap is really the ordinary bow-net, only that it works by spring, and when the lure is touched by the hawk the spring is set free. It could be very easily made.—CHARLES R. ANDERSON.

CLIMBING TEA ROSES NOT FLOWERING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have four tea roses in a greenhouse, and this year had only one sin le bloom. This was on a Niphetos, the others being two Maréchal Niel and a Perle des Jardins. Last year (their first year) all bloomed well except the Niphetos. They have all had a good deal of mildew, but have nevertheless made good growth. I did not prune them, following the advice of a good gardener.

[The four climbing roses which flowered well last year naturally produced many laterals which should have been cut back this season to about two eyes from the main growth. The plants did not flower this year owing to the ends of these laterals being unripe. As last season the plants were but a year old the growths that produced the blossom were of the previous season's production, and consequently strong and well ripened. The best results are obtained from climbing roses under glass when such strong growths are annually produced. To do this the plants should be cut back to about 3ft. of their base immediately after flowering, then afforded plenty of heat and moisture to ensure a rapid growth. We should advise you to adopt this treatment now, although it would have been better done in May. You do not say whether your plants are in pots or planted out. If in pots they should receive at once a top dressing of loam and one year old stable manure in equal parts. Remove about 1in. or 2in. of the old soil, and replace it with this compost. When new growth is well advanced give a sprinkling of Ichthemic guano and an occasional watering of weak liquid manure. By September you should have new rods some 8ft. to 10ft. long. Gradually inure them to the outside air so that they become quite hard by November. These growths should be retained almost their whole length, the following spring merely cutting away a few inches of unripened.—ED.]

AN ARTISTIC BEE-HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me some information about the most modern and artistic way of housing bees in a little rustic building, which shall be artistic and not unsightly?—G. A. LEINHAAR (Cronberg Castle of Frederickshof).

[As the artistic merits of a bee-house do not affect its utility, the design should express your own taste and be formed with due regard to the nature of the garden and other surroundings. The apiary of one well-known bee-keeper is rectangular in shape, and its dimensions are: Length 60ft., width 16ft., height at back 10ft. 6in., at front 7ft. 6in. It accommodates thirty-two hives, probably more than you would keep, but the plan could be adapted to any size. One advantage of the shape is that it enables all the hives to open towards the south. A vine border has been laid out in front, and the vines form a welcome shade in summer, for though bees gather their honey in sunshine they prefer to store it in shadow. Circular, fan, square, and other shapes have been successfully adopted. We have seen an octagonal one that might supply you with a hint. Seven sides are given up to the hives and one as an entrance door. This bee-hive is both convenient and ornamental. A few additional suggestions may be added. Bee houses should be proof against bees entering except by the legitimate passages. The windows should be pivoted in the centre and thus capable of being turned inside out. Bees seek the light and congregate on the window inside. A single turn places them all outside in a second. The bee-house should not have a floor or its vibration will be communicated to the hives, but should flooring be necessary the hives should have an independent support on stakes driven into the ground. The entrance ways through the wall of the house should be wide so as to give as much ventilation as possible, and it is well to have entrances of the full width of the hive. Of course, the advantages of a bee-house are: (1) that it enables a lighter form of hive to be used; (2) it is convenient for purposes of manipulation; (3) it makes it easier to winter the stock well. We assume that your question relates entirely to the bee-house; the housing of the bees in bar-frame hives is taken for granted.—ED.]

A SITTING PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph, which I think may, perhaps, do for publication in COUNTRY LIFE, of a pheasant that is sitting just above our tennis-court, on a piece of rough ground, where balls frequently go when we are playing.—MISS K. HILTON.

[It is a remarkable fact that this naturally timid bird frequently nests in a position where it is almost certain to be disturbed by the coming and going of its natural enemies, both human and canine. Possibly, the knowledge that at this season it is practically without scent gives it confidence.—ED.]

STOP THIEF!

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Recently while taking mine ease in my garden I was interested by the movements of three starlings. Two were evidently busy with their domestic affairs, while the third kept fluttering about in an excited sort of way. The hen bird after visiting the nest repeatedly flew away, followed by her mate; immediately the other cock who was left alone entered the nest and appropriated one of the eggs, with which he flew (from a considerable height) to a distant part of the lawn, where he deposited the egg intact. Now, we are told that "Ae Corbie winna pick oot anither Corbie's een," and until I witnessed this small tragedy I was under the impression that there was a "Jungle Law" to the effect that the property of one's relation was sacred. It may be, however, that the starling is such an irreclaimable criminal that he fears neither God nor starlings; or, again, possibly he was disappointed in love and determined to revenge himself by breaking up the happy home of his rival. The amazing thing was that he could carry the egg in his beak such a distance (it was fully 100yds.) without dropping it.—D. H. O.

[It is certainly curious that a bird should rob the nest of one of his own kind, but, as our correspondent implies, no act is too atrocious for a starling. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to throw some light on the subject; if so we shall be glad to hear from them.—ED.]

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AN EXCITED TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The terrier in the photographs sent gets very excited at seeing a fox's mask; in the first he is baying at one which was hung against a tree about 6ft. from the ground, and in

the second is jumping up to try and get hold of it. Once when it was hung a little lower he did get it, and it was with great difficulty taken away. He has several times been very useful in getting out foxes that have gone to earth.—K. HILTON.

BORROWED NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The following facts may be of interest to some of your readers who care for curiosities of ornithology. Last year a pair of thrushes had their nest in a Japanese honeysuckle trained up the wall of my house, close to the hall door, and brought up their brood. This year I expected they would return to the old nest, but instead it has been adopted by a pair of blackbirds, and the hen is now sitting in it. How far the lining of the nest has been modified to suit black-bird taste in architecture I cannot say, as I do not like to disturb her, but I think this must be an unusual occurrence, the structure of the nests in these two species of birds being so different.—R. G. HEATH.

[The occurrence is certainly very unusual, but we cannot imagine why our correspondent expected the thrushes to return to their original nest. That, also, would have been an unusual occurrence.—ED.]

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is already a great gathering of the golfers, chiefly of the professional class, at St. Andrews, in view of the Open Championship, so soon to be decided on the classic green. Meanwhile the golfing world continues to be more than a little agitated by the length of Miss Whigham's drives at Westward Ho! in the match wherein she was beaten by the champion of the ladies, Miss Rhona Adair. Some there are who frankly decline to believe the measurement of 230yds. for a lady's drive. In that number we do not wish to reckon ourselves, knowing well what ladies can do; knowing well, too, the nature of the course at those last two flat holes at Westward Ho! and the keenness of the ground in dry weather (such as the weather was when the ladies played for their championship) and the keenness of the breeze off the northward sea. But it is, none the less, marvellous driving for a lady.

At St. Andrews, Wynn, White, and Williamson have all been showing good form. It would be interesting to calculate (the matter being golf and, therefore, altogether beyond calculation) the chances of certain initials. The "W's" have a fine chance this year, and with Vardon near them in the alphabet, the latter end ought to have an advantage in the betting over the former. There are other principles of division more interesting and more likely to form the basis of speculation, such as the division of Scotch and English. Golf is a Scottish game, but the chances of the English are the better—that is, if we may regard Vardon as English, and he is more English than Scotch at all events. England includes Taylor, Williamson, Mr. Hilton, and several other good ones, besides Vardon. Scotland has Herd, Andrew Kirkcaldy, White, and many a dark horse. If another line of division be taken, as into amateur and professional classes, we cannot see that Scotland has much of a chance or that any amateur has much of a chance except Mr. Hilton, who has a great chance. "Old Tom" is credited with saying that Mr. Robb was the best man they had at St. Andrews, whether professional or amateur, but we hardly would endorse that, if "Old Tom" did really say it. But they have some good young ones in the town and University clubs that might give a good account of themselves on a green that they know. And there is always Willie Park. He was so extinguished in his match with Vardon that he seems to have gone out of sight altogether; but most likely he is far from done with yet. Had he but survived, to take part in the glorious conclusion of the war, and to return (though in no case in time for this year's championship), it is almost certain that Scotland's best hopes would have been in an amateur representative, Mr. F. G. Tait; but the gods willed otherwise. We see that the fund in memory of that gallant young spirit has taken shape; we presume, at least, that the meeting of contributors to be held at St. Andrews will endorse the proposition of the executive committee of the fund. That proposition is that after endowing at a cost of between £100 and £150 a bed in the Scottish South African Hospital, the balance, a little over £1,000, shall be invested in the hands of trustees, and the interest paid over yearly to the open championship delegates for increasing the prize money that the professional winners and runners-up shall receive. This was a matter on which Mr. Tait was very keen when alive, urging the inadequacy of the present returns for the expense to which a professional is put in practising and travelling if he takes part in the big event of the year. It is a proposition, too, that has the full approval of Mr. Tait's own family.

